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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER,

Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER IV.

"I'm afraid I may have to alter my list, Sam," said Clover; "I'm afraid mine *is* difficult. I wrote down just what I wanted at first without noticing how the seeds were to be planted; and now I see some of them must be 'under glass.'"

"Never mind," said her brother, "let's take the list first and the difficulties afterward. It is a great point to know what you want."

"I know *that* pretty well," said Clover; "only it was hard to want little enough. Well then, Sam, first of all, you know, I must cover my fence; and papa said I might have just as much *fence* as I liked."

"Fence *ad libitum*," said Sam; "yes, that's right."

"So first of all I chose some vines," said Clover. "This beautiful hyacinth bean, with dark purple flowers and varnished pods—it must be splendid, I think."

"Varnished pods?" said Lily—"where did you find that? I thought it was just a bean—and beans are so common."

"Well, maybe it is common," said Clover, "but I guess not; for Mr. Vick says it ought to be grown more than it is. And it will cover my fence grandly, for the shoots are sometimes twenty feet long. But then, Sam, I thought it would not do to have the fence all dark—so I chose next this pretty canary-bird vine, with fringed yellow flowers."

"Very well chosen," said Sam. "Don't you want a blue vine too? here are blue Ipomœas."

"I thought of that," said Clover, hesitating a little bit. And then softly bending down Sam's head to where little Primrose sat on the floor at his side, Clover silently pointed out to him in large, childish writing at the very head of Prim's list—"Ipomœa grandiflora superba."

"So I thought I wouldn't," she said, with a smile; "a second one might hurt the superb effect, you know, Sam. And don't you think yellow and purple go well together?"

"Nothing could be better," said Sam, twining his arm round the girl's waist and drawing her close to his side. "And I see you have got the start of me, Clover, and have planted your hedge before I have even the ground dug up."

"Planted my hedge?" Clover repeated. Then, with a smile and a flush, "I think mamma was the planter, Sam."

"And may God give the increase!" said her brother, tenderly. "Now what comes next? The fence being covered, what shall we do with the ground?"

"I thought," said Clover, a little shyly, "that my vines would show better at intervals, you know—not to see quite the whole of them at once. So I chose these tall zinnias and martynias for flowers, and then to mix with them this pretty amaranthus—Joseph's Coat—with its three-colored leaves. I think they'll do for a back-ground," said Clover, with the same shy look at her brother's face, which somehow or other confused her and brought a blush into her own. But he only said as before:

"Well chosen. What next?"

"Next, in front," said Clover, "I want a whole mass of flowers, the gayest I can get. There's stocks, and salpiglossis, and gaillardia, and celosia, and balsam, and argemone, and helichrysum. The helichrysum flowers are good all winter."

"A first-rate list," said Sam. "Don't you want some very low-growing flowers just in front, to slope it quite down to the grass?"

"Yes, I wanted some very much," said Clover, "but my money gave out. And then I thought the taller flowers would show best from the house, and so that I had better keep them. But I can change my list."

"No, no," said Sam; "you are to *choose*, you know. And the list is capital. Now, little one," he said, lifting up Primrose and placing her on his knee, "what sort of a collection of sweets have you got together?"

"Oh, it's so difficult!" said Prim, knitting her small brows and turning the Catalogue leaves back and forth with perplexed fingers. "I wanted to get all the *sweet* things, but they are so many. And then Lily says some of 'em are so common. I'm afraid my garden won't look pretty unless I get some other things too; and I don't know what to leave out and what to put in."

"Your garden will look pretty, I'll answer for it," said Sam. "I never saw a collection of sweet things in my life that was not beautiful. What does Lily say is common?"

"Why, my sweet peas, for instance," said Primrose, studying her list.

"I'm glad if they are," said Sam, "but *I* never found it out. I think for every sweet pea you may find fifty fuschias. Have them by all means."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Prim, her face brightening; "for he says they're so very sweet. And see, Sam, all colors. Then oh, Sam, I want this blue ipomœa!"

"Then have it," said Sam, smiling.

"But it costs twenty-five cents!"

"Well, you've got twenty-five cents to give for it."

"But I mean," said Primrose, "it leaves me so little money for any thing else."

"Yes," said Sam, "you must choose between one great beauty and four or five smaller ones."

"Is it a great beauty? Then I'll have it," said Primrose. "It don't signify if I *haven't* a *great* variety in my garden, I guess. But here's a beauty—a white primrose! That's what mamma likes."

Sam thought, as he looked down at the fair little face upturned joyfully to his, that mamma had excellent taste. Few prettier things to be found, to his fancy, than *such* a white primrose. But he only said, laughing,

"*This* one, Prim? Why, it has a name as long as you are—œnothera acaulis alba."

"I know," said Primrose; "but it don't matter. I needn't say 'em all at once. Then here are my pansies, Sam; they're not sweet, but they're lovely."

"You extravagant little puss!" said Sam; "pansies cost fifteen cents!"

"Yes," said Primrose, sedately; "but I had to have 'em, you know. Then here is platystemon—I don't know what it is, but it *sounds* pretty, and it's sweet too. And here's datura. Oh, Sam, just look at this, with flowers seven to nine inches long, and sweet!"

"Must be a real horn of perfume instead of plenty," said Sam.

"Oh, but it's plenty too!" said Prim, "for it says 'very sweet.' Then here's abronia and callirhoe—that's not sweet, I suppose, but it sounds beautiful."

"That's a fine list," said Sam. "I'm not sure but it's the most troublesome one of the three; but as you are a patient, painstaking little body, you won't mind that."

"I like it," said Prim.

"But what's the particular trouble of Prim's list more than ours?" said Lily.

"There are more things that require transplanting, and more that must be started in heat."

"What's 'starting in heat?'" said Lily.

"Being very warm, and therefore beginning to grow."

"Now, Sam, don't be a tease! What is it *really*?"

"That is true which I said," answered Sam; "only it is the seed's side of the question. Your part of the work is to furnish the warm circumstances that bring about such a good result."

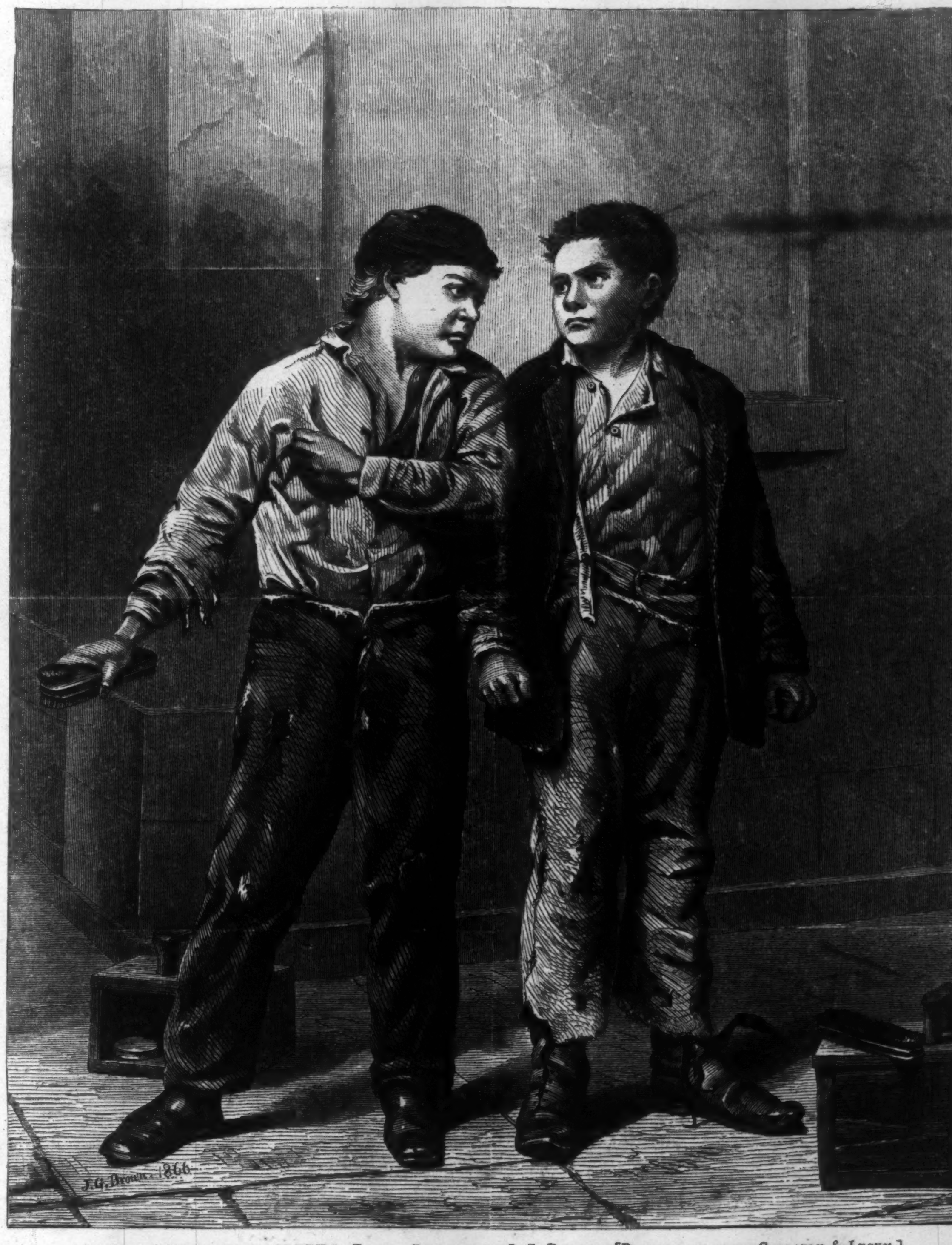
"Putting them in the sun, do you mean?" said Lily, "in a warm part of the ground?"

"The sun has very little heat to spare just now, and the ground is as cold as ice—being, in fact, frozen."

"Well, we can wait till it melts—I mean thaws—and gets warm, then," said Lily.

"And then some of your flowers, which need a long time to grow, would begin to bloom by about the end of summer. You must give them artificial heat, and make them a climate."

"Well, this is the funniest work!" said Lily. "Why, Sam, there isn't any artificial heat but the fire or the



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."—From a Painting by J. G. Brown.—[Photographed by Gellatly & Lecky.]

oven, and I shouldn't think baking would be useful."

"Sam," said little Primrose, looking very puzzled, while Clover silently knit her brows over the difficulty, "why don't you tell us what you mean at once?"

"Because I want you all to think and find out," said Sam. "You must not be ignorant little gardeners; I want you to *learn*."

"And so do I want to learn," said Clover; "but how can we?"

"Now, here"—said Sam, taking up the three lists in one hand and the Catalogue in the other—"here I find, first, the Useful list—containing, we will say, two hardy annuals, eight half hardy, and two which are sometimes at least called tender. The Easy-Useless contains six hardy annuals, two half hardy, one tender; while the Sweet list has four hardy and four half hardy."

"But what does half hardy mean?" said Lily; "and how can seeds be tender?"

"That is just what I want you to find out. Study your lists, and study Mr. Vick's Catalogue, and make up your own minds how the different seeds should be treated. Then you can tell me what sort of artificial heat you want, and I'll try if I can provide it."

"What delightful work!" said Clover. "Sam, you're very good!"

"Well, wouldn't it be wiser to choose seeds that don't cost so much trouble?" said Lily.

"Every one must judge for himself," said Sam, with a smile at his mother as he rose to go. "I shan't write the order for the seeds till to-night, so you can all make what changes you please. Study Mr. Vick."

And away went Sam, leaving the three children in a pleasant state of uncertainty, excitement, and business. Lily took up the Catalogue and lounged down on the window-seat, turning the enticing leaves back and forth; Clover gave one loving look at her list, and then, folding it neatly together, laid it in her work basket, and took out her day's task of sewing; and little Primrose, bringing up a round foot-cushion to her mother's feet, sat down and rested her face on her small hand, and fell at once into a deep brown study.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 9, 1866.

THE SITUATION.

It is strange that those who defend against all comers and at every hazard what is called the President's policy do not see that they weaken their case instead of strengthening it by claiming that it is expressly constitutional. On the contrary, the difference between its advocates and those who are unwilling to accept it is purely one of expediency. For what is the President's theory? It is simply that the condition of the country at the close of active hostilities compelled him to adopt certain measures for the resumption by the States of their local governments and of their relations in the Union, which they have accepted and are restored. But there is not a word of express warrant for these measures in the Constitution. They were what in his judgment the public safety required. They were limited, indeed, by a certain theory of the perpetuity of a State in the Union, but that theory made the measures themselves mere usurpation. If the States were never out of the Union—to use an expression which has become a cant—what right had the President of the United States to appoint a Provisional Governor? The reply can be only that the public safety required it. But if he had the right to take so radical a step as that, he had the same right to do whatever else he conceived the public safety to require. His action upon the subject has exactly the same authority that his predecessor's emancipation proclamation had, and that authority is ample, and founded in the first necessity of society and government.

If now the advocates of the general policy which he favors, and which is in many respects admirable, rested their argument upon its expediency merely as opposed to the expediency of some other policy which is founded upon a different estimate of the requirements of the public safety, there would be much less acrimony in the discussion. This is what we mean by saying that the difference in the Union party is one of method rather than of principle. The President says that the late rebel States, having assented to the conditions which he thought the public safety demanded, are entitled to resume their national relations. Those of the Union party who differ from him insist that some other conditions are essential. It is simply ridiculous to retort that his conditions are the only ones which the Constitution authorizes, for the letter of the Constitution authorizes none at all. It is a question of expediency. The President thinks that he has gone far enough. There are those who think that we ought to go farther.

Mr. Seward is certainly right in saying that prolonged reflection brings us all nearer to a common conclusion. Active hostilities ended so suddenly that opinions upon the questions which immediately became imperative were vague and uncertain. Doubtless golden opportunities were lost, but once gone they could not be recovered, and regret was folly. The ship of state must be trimmed to the breeze of to-day, not of yesterday nor of to-morrow. Politics is the art of expediency. Statesmanship must strive for all of the best that is possible under a fair estimate of the circumstances. Don't jump until you come to the river, said Mr. Lincoln, and don't try to swap horses in the stream. The first duty of every man is certainly, as Dr. Channing says, to ask not what is expedient but what is right. But his second duty is not less clear and imperative. It is to ask in what way in the present situation he may best secure the right. Mr. Bright, in England, believes in "manhood suffrage," but he supports with all his power the new Reform bill which only enfranchises some 400,000 more of the population. Can Mr. Bright be fairly accused of betraying the rest of the people?

Those of us who believe as we do that the national faith is pledged to the maintenance of the equal civil rights of the freedmen, who hold that justice is the best policy, and that the interest of the Union and the prosperity of every part of it require the earliest practicable establishment of impartial suffrage as the surest security of equal rights, may honestly differ as to the wisest method of reaching that result. To charge any man with infidelity to the end because he prefers other means than ours is the very stupidity of folly. Mr. Johnson is not proved false because Mr. Vallandigham praises him, as Mr. Lincoln was still true although Mr. Phillips denounced him.

The prospects of a reasonable understanding among Union men seem to us fairer now than they have been for a long time. If, as now seems probable, Congress shall ask only for a constitutional amendment equalizing representation, basing it upon voters, the President can hardly oppose it, for it is his own frequent proposition. We have no doubt that Congress, as the immediate representatives of all faithful citizens who fought and won in the war, would gladly abolish all political distinction founded upon complexion. But it is plain that this result will be sought not directly but indirectly by proportionately reducing the political power of the States that maintain such distinctions. Here, again, the President has often plainly declared his sympathy with the enfranchisement of colored citizens by the States. Unless he misstates his own opinions there is really no substantial difference upon this point between the policy he favors and that which Congress is likely to adopt.

We have all so much the habit of fighting that it is hard to unlearn it, and we draw our weapons upon each other. The President reaches his conclusions by other processes than many of us pursue. Congress, elected in the midst of a civil war, represents the exalted sentiment of a nation struggling for life. But it has won. Its life is secure and its whole system purified. The very ferocity and tenacity of the struggle are the measures of the prostration of the vanquished. They do not love us, and will not. They do not profess repentance; it is idle to ask it. All we can do is to secure the future not by conscriptions, confiscations, disfranchisements, executions, the utter futility of which history witnesses and human nature explains—not by any methods of vengeance, but by those equitable, political guarantees which the truly conservative common-sense of the country and of mankind will approve.

THE PROBABLE WAR IN EUROPE.

It is more than half a century since there was a general war in Europe. The last one ended in the overthrow of the great Napoleon and the treaty of Vienna in 1815. That treaty was Tory and reactionary. England, which was the sole truly constitutional government in Europe, was chiefly represented at the Congress by Lord Castlereagh, a Tory of the old school, and the distribution of Europe was made in the interest of the kings, and not of the people. "That the people are the property of certain royal families," said Francis Horner, "was to be established as a maxim in the system of Europe."

Time brings its revenges. One of the cardinal points of the settlement of 1815 was that the Bonapartes should be forever ineligible to the French throne. In 1821 the great Napoleon died at St. Helena. In 1832 his son, the Duke de Reichstadt, died at Vienna. In 1866 his nephew, Louis Napoleon, is Emperor of France, with the consent of the European sovereigns, who, by acknowledging his title as Napoleon III., do really recognize the Duke of Reichstadt as Napoleon II., and, by implication, his father as Napoleon I.; and Louis Napoleon holds in his hand the redistribution of power in Europe.

Prussia, under the government of a despotic King and a daring Minister, has been for some time plainly intending war with Austria, upon pretense of some Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, but really with the hope of becoming the dominant power of Central Europe. Austria, composed of several nationalities, and for that reason essentially the weakest of the great powers, alarmed and trembling, looks for the support of the smaller German states, which are important only as members of a confederation which the triumph of Prussia would destroy. But Italy, blazing with patriotic enthusiasm and sustained by a vast army, sees that the hour has come for reclaiming Venice, and is all in motion. The British Government, bitterly denouncing the impending war as causeless, proclaims its neutrality. But as half the supplies of food for England come from the Continent, which would force her to look to America for them, with which she has some unsettled accounts, it is not plain that she could avoid a part in the struggle.

As for France, if Louis Napoleon could fulfill his traditional policy and push her border to the Rhine, he would incalculably aggrandize his dynasty and identify it with the glory of France. That result is impossible so long as the settlement of 1815 continues. But the war inevitably demolishes that settlement, and makes the bank of the Rhine attainable by France. Abstractly, therefore, he must favor the war; but it was unnecessary for him to speak except upon extraordinary occasion, and that was furnished in a late debate of the French Chambers.

On the 3d of May one of the French Ministers, M. Rouher, said that the Government preferred not to discuss the question of the war. But some days afterward M. Thiers, the poet of the old Napoleonic epopee, the pet of the bourgeoisie, or the Parisian shop-keepers, and the Conservative leader of the Opposition, replied in a speech which caused such sensation that the sitting of the Chamber was suspended for an hour. In this speech Thiers asserted that the balance of power in Europe required that Germany and Italy should be composed of separate and feeble states. He said that this intention was proclaimed at the peace of Westphalia in 1648, and that it was confirmed in the next century by Frederick the Great, and again in this century by the Congress of Vienna. But the policy of Prussia was inimical to this intention. It would found a great empire in Central Europe which would threaten France. France must therefore courteously protest against the action of Prussia, and must say plainly to Italy that, if she attacked the *statu quo* by seizing Venice and were defeated, France would not lift a finger to save her from Austrian vengeance. This speech M. Thiers called a last effort in favor of peace, of the good of his country, and the honor of his Government.

Louis Napoleon is not a fool. He heard the leader of the Conservative opposition to his Government declare that the true policy of France is the maintenance of the settlement of 1815, which excludes him from the throne upon which he sits. His Majesty, therefore, rolled smoothly with the Empress to the quiet old city of Auxerre upon the Yonne, ninety miles southwest of Paris; and when the Mayor laid the keys at his feet and told the Empress (Mademoiselle Montijo) that her son's ancient and loyal Auxerre would be forever at his service, Louis Napoleon said, "Thank you, your worship. You country people are the true France, and you hate as I do the treaty of Vienna." Paris swore terribly the next day; but Europe had heard from the lips of Napoleon's nephew that a war directed against the settlement which dethroned and humiliated his uncle, and which he, the nephew, could guide to success, was a war with a treaty that he detested.

In any view the European settlement of 1815 is doomed. Peace seems possible only upon condition of negotiations which would annul it, and war can not leave the situation as it finds it. Peace, however, is almost impossible when vast armies in neighboring territories have been accumulated, when a war loan has been made, and when conviction, passion, and apparent interest urge the combatants forward. The European war, which seems inevitable, is the hand of Napoleon Bonaparte proudly tearing the treaty of Vienna and flinging it away.

OPINION NOT TREASON.

Senator Doolittle is reported to have said in a late public speech, that "the union of the States under the Constitution is the corner-stone of the American Government, and he who denies it, let him come from the South, East, West, or North, is a traitor." Now that the Constitution is the bond of union is an undeniable proposition. It is as unquestionable as that respiration is the condition of human life. It was scarcely worth while for Senator Doolittle to make a journey to Philadelphia for the sole purpose of saying that twice two are four. But when he proceeds to declare that any other opinion is treason, he commits a foolish error, for the Constitution to which he exhorts obedience expressly defines treason to consist in levying war against the United States.

An opinion can not be treason. It may be false. It may be dangerous. It may lead to treason as the doctrine of State sovereignty did. In a time of actual war its expression may be an efficient aid to the enemy, and therefore the expression may be properly repressed. But to denounce any abstract political opinion as treason is to commit the unpardonable sin of Rome against the human mind, and strike at the liberty of thought. The Southern school of politics in this country has always held and proclaimed the theory of State sovereignty, and it has always been plain that if reduced to practice that theory would lead to civil war. But that opinion was not treason until it fired at the *Star of the West*. If it were, Senator Hayne was as guilty as Quantrell. It seems to us that a Senator of the United States should be able to make so cardinal a distinction. We pay Mr. Doolittle the compliment of believing that he does not consider Mr. Fessenden equally guilty with Louis Wigfall and James M. Mason.

It is very necessary that this distinction should be observed during the great debate in which we are now engaged. The question of reorganization is to be settled by argument, not by rhetorical vituperation. When Mr. Stevens says that the late rebels deserve hell, or when Mr. Cowan informs us that they behave like saints, nothing is gained except a conviction that neither of those gentlemen are likely to give any valuable counsel in the emergency. So when Mr. Doolittle declares by plain implication that those who do not agree with him are traitors, he also certifies his inability to treat the question as it should be treated. An argument which is adequately answered by saying "You're another," is not a very powerful argument.

THE LAST LESSON OF THE ACADEMY.

During the last sixty-eight years there have been forty-four theatres destroyed by fire in the United States. This is at the rate of one for about every eighteen months; but it is an agreeable fact that the loss of life has been very small. The most melancholy incident was the burning of the theatre in Richmond, Virginia, on the night of the 26th of December, 1811. It was crowded, and more than seventy persons perished, among them the Governor of the State. What horrors we were spared by the breaking out of the late fire at the Academy of Music at 12 o'clock at night instead of 10 we shall happily never know. But it was impossible to stand by the ruins on the morning after the fire and not shudder at the appalling peril to which the audiences in that building have been exposed.

It is shameful and incredible that any building liable to be crowded with human beings should be such a trap as the Academy evidently was, and as most theatres and public halls in this country are. There are many persons in all our cities and towns who never enter any place of public assembly because of their knowledge of the foolish risk. There are large halls in upper stories used for concerts, for theatres, and lectures, which will contain from a thousand to two thousand people, which are constantly packed with crowds, and from which, in case of alarm, the only egress is two or three doors and a staircase or two. The lives of those persons are at the mercy not only of a real peril but of a mere panic. When that peril is plainly revealed the easy public confidence is disturbed and often destroyed. Thus in Providence there was a large and handsome hall in a third story directly over a furniture wareroom, full of varnish and the most inflammable material. One night after the hall had been crowded at a lecture the building took fire and was consumed like tinder. There was good Yankee sense enough in the city not to run that dismal risk forever, and a spacious hall was built upon the ground-floor open upon three sides to the street, and so arranged with windows and doors as to be emptied in five minutes. That hall, of course, is very popular.

But the structure of buildings should be regulated by law. The law does not permit a flimsy, palpably insecure wall to be erected, and it should require just as imperatively that every building designed for the assembly of crowds should be practically fire-proof. As the spectator looked in at the ruins of the Academy there was nothing to be seen but the four brick walls, and a heap of bricks, mortar, and rubbish upon the ground, with a few charred timbers. We do not forget that a theatre is mainly vacant space; that it is only a floor and a series of galleries; but for that very reason the audience is more exposed. The smoke and flame are every where at once. It is because the scenery and the stage appointments must be of such tinder that the more care should be used in the other parts of the building.

It would be ridiculous if it were not mournful to see the ease and celerity with which fire consumes "fire-proof" stores and other buildings in the city of New York. A brick wall and an iron shutter apparently satisfy us as security against fire, when every floor and beam is of wood, and a passage for the free course of the flames is left all through the building. Some weeks since an article appeared in these columns suggesting a little more sense in building; but the matter should be regulated by law before some ghastly accident convicts us of criminal folly.

Meanwhile, if the Academy is to be rebuilt as is announced, we trust that the reporters will not merely expatiate upon the munificence and taste of the enterprising committee of superintendence, but will closely observe the structure and carefully inform the public whether the floors are all wood laid upon wood, and whether elaborate masses of wooden filigree are every where accumulated; whether the exit from the upper and most dangerous gallery is by a narrow door or two; and whether, in a word, the theatre is a tinder-box, which, in case of fire when full of people, would be sure to repeat, upon a fearful scale, the Richmond tragedy of 1811.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

WE speak elsewhere of the lesson of the late disastrous fire. But it laid its wasting hand not only upon our opportunities of amusement but of instruction, and it is in this way that its consequences are most serious and deplorable.

In the University Medical College, which was next to the Academy of Music, were stored the complete chemical apparatus of Dr. J. W. DRAPER, and the many exquisite and costly instruments with which for many years he has conducted his experiments. It was impossible to save them, and such a loss is incalculable to any one but a patient and exact scholar. Many unpublished notes of experiments were lost with them, and important parts of the great telescope of Dr. HENRY DRAPER. Every scientific man and student will sympathize profoundly with these gentlemen in a loss for which money can but tardily compensate.

Dr. MOTT's Museum also, a collection of illustrations of his surgical operations for more than half a century; the Museum of the old Lyceum of Natural History; the medical and surgical collections of Drs. BEDFORD, POST, VAN BUREN, and PAINE, all are gone. The duty, as we believe it will be the pride of New York, is to replace these collections. The country as well as the city is impoverished by the late fire; but it is not according to the Yankee genius to suffer it to remain so.

FINANCIERING EXTRAORDINARY.

ABOUT three weeks ago gold, which had been for some weeks steady at 125 @ 127, jumped up to 130. The Secretary of the Treasury held at the time over $75,000,000 of gold—much more than he needed for the payment of interest of the public debt. He determined to sell a portion of this surplus; and accordingly, for some days, fed the market with two to three millions daily, at the rate of 130½ per cent. Speculators and foreign bankers, studying the state of affairs in Europe, were confident that gold would rise, and bought all the Secretary was willing to sell.

A sharply-defined contest thus arose. On the one hand, the Secretary, with $60,000,000 of gold on hand (allowing for $15,000,000 sold), was determined that gold should not rise above 130. On the other hand, the public, persuaded that gold could not be kept down by any Secretary in the world, in the face of the war prospect in Europe and the high prices of all commodities here, were as resolute buyers as he was a resolute seller. Newspaper organs of the Secretary denounced the "Gold-room speculators," and declared that the Government would sell every dollar it held rather than let gold go up. Other organs of public opinion were less clear as to the result, and trusted that Mr. M'CULLOCH would have better luck than befell his predecessor, Mr. CHASE, in his contest with the Gold-room.

Matters were in this position, when, on Monday, May 21, at 4:15 P.M., the news of the panic in London was flashed over the wires from Halifax. Any child could tell what such news portended. Every broker, and every speculator, and almost every merchant in the city rushed to the Gold-room. The Government broker—Mr. PETER M. MYERS—was there, peddling out the Government gold at 130½. Neither the unusual throng nor the astounding character of the news disturbed his calm complacency. He had his orders, and he would obey them. It had been pretty generally expected that on the receipt of the news the Government would either withdraw from the market for a time, or at least advance its rate. Nothing of the kind was done. In reply to inquiries, Mr. MYERS said he would sell at the old price, and to any amounts desired. A tumult broke out even more tempestuous than the wild scenes which were so often witnessed in the Gold-room during the war. Mr. MYERS was besieged, hustled, crushed, almost throttled by eager buyers of gold. So fierce and furious was the demand that in twenty minutes he sold, at 130½ and ¼, some fifteen millions of gold—representing a sum of nearly $20,000,000 of currency. As he left the room a few minutes after five the excited buyers bid up the price to 132¼.

The question now was—which had won the fight, the Secretary or the speculators? It was clear that, after selling in all nearly $32,000,000 of gold, the Treasury had lost the control of the market. Its reserve was now reduced so low that it could not afford to sell any further amount large enough to frighten dealers. In a word, it had done what its friends had threatened it would do—poured out upon the heads of the speculators its gold by the ten and fifteen millions in a day, and the market had taken it, and the premium had advanced. Thus far, then, clearly Mr. M'CULLOCH, like Mr. CHASE, had been beaten.

But the question remained—how were the $15,000,000 in gold sold by Mr. MYERS on Monday afternoon to be paid for? Mr. MYERS had the right to deliver every dollar of this gold on Tuesday, and to demand greenbacks in payment. This was what Mr. M'CULLOCH's friends said he would do. Had this been done, so severe a money pressure would have ensued that gold would inevitably have fallen back below 130, probably to 125, and the Treasury might at that figure have taken back some of the coin so recklessly sold on Monday afternoon at 130½ @ ¼. The banks were in the wildest trepidation. A renewal of the panic of April 1864 was expected. Gold speculators themselves trembled at the position in which they had got, and began to regret that they had undertaken to fight the Treasury. They entered the Gold-room on Tuesday morning feeling any thing but exultant.

But there seems to be a fatality in the operations of our Treasury Department. On Tuesday morning, before the appearance of the Government broker, gold sold at 132½. When he showed himself the premium fell to 131¼. At that price he offered fifty thousand. It was taken, and in a few minutes he had sold a million. Then his courage or the courage of his principals failed, and he fled discomfited from the room. The premium instantly leaped to 134½; and the parties who had to pay for gold, reassured by this indication of infirmity of purpose on the part of the Government, began to hope that the Treasury would not exert its right of insisting on payment that day.

The event justified their hopes. Not much over one-third of the gold sold on Monday was delivered on Tuesday; another portion of the amount was delivered on Wednesday, and the balance not till Thursday. The reason generally assigned was that the Sub-Treasurer had not certificates enough to deliver all at once. For the sake of out-of-town readers we may explain that gold is invariably delivered in the shape of gold certificates of deposit signed by the Sub-Treasurer, and of the denomination of $5000 or less. Gold, in bags or bulk, was long ago declared to be not a good delivery in consequence of the frequent disputes arising about "short count," and the dangers involved in the transmission of bags from office to office. To deliver $15,000,000 of gold 3000 certificates would be required; and it was said that the Sub-Treasurer had not so many on hand, and had not time to sign new ones in season for Tuesday's deliveries. This was lucky for the Bulls in gold, and unlucky for the Secretary. By distributing the deliveries over three days the money pressure proved much less severe than it would have been had the deliveries been all made on Tuesday, and the Secretary's victorious antagonists were enabled to hold the gold they had bought of him @ 130⅛.

But this matter of delay was not the only favor granted by the Secretary to the parties who had defeated him in the Gold-room. Lest they should experience undue difficulty in paying for their gold, the Sub-Treasurer was authorized to receive as money debt-certificates not yet due, compound interest notes at their face value with interest, and deposit certificates without notice. Of the two latter classes he did receive about $7,300,000; of debt certificates, perhaps $4,000,000. In other words, the Secretary not only sold to speculators fifteen millions of gold at 5 or 10 per cent. below the price which they would have had to pay for it had he not been bent on keeping down the premium to 130, but he actually furnished them with the means of paying for half their purchases by discounting his own paper before maturity. They naturally took advantage of such extreme complaisance, and on Thursday the premium rose to 141½, at which price not a few of the lucky buyers realized their profits—having netted some $3,000,000 at the cost of the Government in an operation of a fortnight.

It used to be a maxim among the gamblers who thronged Wall Street and Exchange Place in Mr. CHASE's time to "copper" him, whatever he did or said. When he tried to contract the currency the gamblers knew it was going to be expanded; when he tried to put gold down, they bought; when he predicted an advance in public stocks, they sold them. And, as a general rule, they were right. He meant well and honestly, but he could no more control events or contravene the laws of trade than King CANUTE's courtiers could check the flow of the tide. Every time he interfered with the natural working of economical laws the effort recoiled against himself. When Mr. M'CULLOCH became Secretary better things were expected of his practical experience as a banker. But, thus far, he seems to be following pretty closely in the wake of his predecessor. He told us, at Fort Wayne and in his Treasury Report, that the currency was going to be contracted, instead of which it has been growing steadily more abundant, so that money has been cheaper this year in Wall Street than ever before, and prices are so high that we have nothing whatever to export to Europe. He undertook, with a surplus at his command much larger than the average reserve in the Bank of England, to keep gold below 130; it is nearer 140. His friends assured us that the speculators who had beaten him in the Gold-room would never be able to pay for their gold; he furnished them the money. Here is financiering with a vengeance!

THE COPPERHEAD AS A SIREN.

IF snakes could sing a Copperhead might be a very Lorelei. But Fate has forbidden them the faculty of music. They can not escape themselves, nor conceal their true character from human eyes.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who dictated the policy of the Democratic party at the last Presidential election, by preparing the famous disgrace and surrender platform of the Chicago Convention, has just opened his arms fondly to embrace the President at the Convention of his party in the State which spewed out Mr. VALLANDIGHAM by a hundred thousand majority three or four years ago. During the war Mr. V. was a bland apostle of peace, but now that peace has descended he sounds the alarm; he talks valiantly of "thrusting them [Congress] from the Capitol," and of using "the power of the purse and sword." To use those powers to save the country from armed rebels seeking to perpetuate human slavery shocked the gospel-meekness of Saint VALLANDIGHAM; but to apply them to thrusting out the representatives of the people, legislating for the security of equal rights—that joyfully commends itself to his Democracy and Christian forbearance.

The President of course understands the offered embrace of Mr. V. A kiss was long ago the sign of betrayal. When ANDREW JOHNSON falls into the open arms of CLEMENT VALLANDIGHAM, faithful citizens of the United States may well shudder. But while he retains as his advisers those whom Mr. LINCOLN called to befriend him and the country the Copperhead charms in vain.

At the same Convention Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON also made a speech "praising the courage and statesmanship of Mr. JOHNSON." But Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who extenuated and justified the rebels during the war, and who was nominated at Chicago as the distinctive candidate of the surrender party, has also no mercy for Congress. He denounced the "malignant councils of the radical Central Directory, whose feet were upon the throat of the Constitution even now, and who intended to throttle it." He is of opinion that the "radical majority of Congress hate the Government and desire its overthrow." The same majority he also defines as "blind and bigoted Jacobins."

Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was not always of this zealous turn. When it was not a question of loyal representatives legislating, but of armed rebels striking at the heart of the nation, Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON had no hard words for them. *They* were not malignant. *They* had no feet upon the throat of the Constitution. *They* were lambs who had no intention of throttling. *They* did not hate the Government, nor desire its overthrow. *They* were not blind and bigoted Jacobins! Oh no! When in January, 1864, a resolution was introduced in Congress branding the rebellion which had already flooded the land with blood to destroy the Government as "desperate, wicked, and bloody," Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON voted against it. Three years before when the conspirators were whetting their swords, butter would not have melted in the bland mouth of Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON when he spoke of them. He acknowledged the right of Secession. He begged Congress, if the rebelling States could not be conciliated, to let them depart in peace. He had no rhetoric about "malignant councils," and throttling the Constitution, and hating and overthrowing the Government. He did not roar and scold, and stand with his fist clenched and foot raised to help them go. No, no! far from it! He sighed, the tender PENDLETON! he sobbed, he wept. It was the very ecstasy of maudlin grief. "If they must leave the family mansion," he wheezed and stammered, "I would bid them farewell so tenderly that they would forever be touched by the recollection of it."

Is it strange that General JOHN A. LOGAN said: "I would as soon vote for JEFF DAVIS as PENDLETON?"

Does Mr. PENDLETON suppose that the loyal people of this country have forgotten these things? Does he suppose that they have forgotten how he deserted the country in its hour of extremest peril? Does he suppose that they do not know that he was as radical a disunionist as JEFFERSON DAVIS? Does he not know that his opinion and advice upon the Constitution and the reorganization of the Union have exactly the weight that Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS's or Mr. LOUIS WIGFALL's would have? And if his party could not carry Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON while the event of the war was still uncertain, do they suppose they can win a race with him on one shoulder and VALLANDIGHAM on the other, now that the Union they despised is safe and the Government they spat upon is triumphant?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 22:

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was passed, 68 to 59.

May 23:

In the Senate, the Report of the Committee of Fifteen was brought up, Mr. Howard opening the debate.

In the House, an amendment was adopted to the Income-tax law, extending the amount exempted from $600 to $1000.

May 24:

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the House joint resolution to prevent the introduction of cholera into the ports of the United States were concurred in, so that the joint resolution is passed by both Houses.

May 25:

In the House, Mr. Schenck reported back a substitute for the Bounty bill, and immediately moved the previous question. The bill was passed by a vote of 139 to 2. It limits the payment of bounty where the soldier is dead, and there is no widow or minor children under sixteen years of age. It gives to each soldier, sailor, and marine eight and one-third dollars for each month of service, or $100 a year, deducting bounties already received for service.

VIEWS OF THE CABINET.

On the evening of May 20, Secretary Seward, at Auburn, made a speech in which he declared his views of our present political situation. The Secretary first alluded to the sudden conversion of Democratic tactics upon the accession of President Johnson.

This was caused, he said, by the loyal expression of the Southern people, who accepted "the conditions of partial amnesty and invitations to returning allegiance which were proclaimed by the Administration, all at once renounced the principles, practices, and policy of secession and disunion, tendered us a new covenant of loyalty, sealed with their oaths, and brought forward with alacrity the remains of their long-cherished institution of slavery and cheerfully threw them to be burned upon the Constitutional altar which they had so nearly destroyed. These unexpected changes in the attitude of political adversaries once so obstinate naturally excited suspicions, jealousies and apprehensions among loyal and tried Union men."

"There was doubt," said Mr. Seward, "on the part of many in the Union party whether this conversion was real. How could Democrats and rebels be converted to the support of a triumphant Union administration? This was the question every where put by the zealous leaders of the Union party. It was at that moment that I answered that question by asking others, viz.: How could Democrats and rebels avoid being converted? Is it not their conversion that you contended for, and that you now desire? I expressed the opinion that the condition of peace with its new responsibilities must thenceforth be in good faith accepted. I advised prompt and complete reconciliation, with the restoration at once of the constitutional symmetry of the Union. Rejecting the ungenerous suspicion that the rebels and their Democratic abettors were only changing their political strategy with traitorous purposes, I argued that, with few and marked exceptions, they were now to be received and accepted as fellow-citizens and brethren. I urged that this would be safely done if only the tried friends of the Administration, remaining united and harmonious, and thus retaining their justly-acquired prestige, should themselves promptly and magnanimously secure to the nation the enjoyment of ardently-desired peace and indispensably-required prosperity."

The Secretary then spoke of the rapid progress of peace and reconciliation. He said that "between the Federal Government and these restored and reorganized State governments there exists now a more complete and practical harmony than has ever before prevailed between the Union and so many of its members since it was first established."

Mr. Seward then alluded to the conflict between the President and Congress. He said that there was no serious difference between them. What the nation needs "is reconciliation, and just now it needs nothing more. It needs, moreover, a very little of this. It needs a reconciliation between the Senators of the United States who are now acting and those Senators who, being loyal and qualified for membership of the Senate, have been already or may hereafter be elected by the people of the several States which were lately involved in the rebellion. It needs a reconciliation of the same kind between the members of the House of Representatives who are now acting and loyal members already elected or to be elected by the people in the same before-mentioned States. It needs just this Congressional reconciliation, and nothing more.

"A failure of reconciliation for an indefinite period would and could be nothing less than a practical abandonment of the nation to the rebellion. It would be disunion and revolution; it would be Mexican or French anarchy."

In regard to the Civil Rights Bill, Mr. Seward said: "There is no soundness at all in our political system if the personal or civil rights of each member of the State, white or black, free-born or emancipated, native-born or naturalized, are not more secure under the administration of State government than they could be under the administration of the national government. Harmony is essential to union; but harmony is impossible to the citizens if every State is not left free from constitutional interruption in its civil rights by the Federal Government. The Civil Rights Bill inflicts on the late slaveholding States, now after slavery has ceased to exist, the very aggression which, through the Fugitive Slave Law, the slave States committed upon the free States."

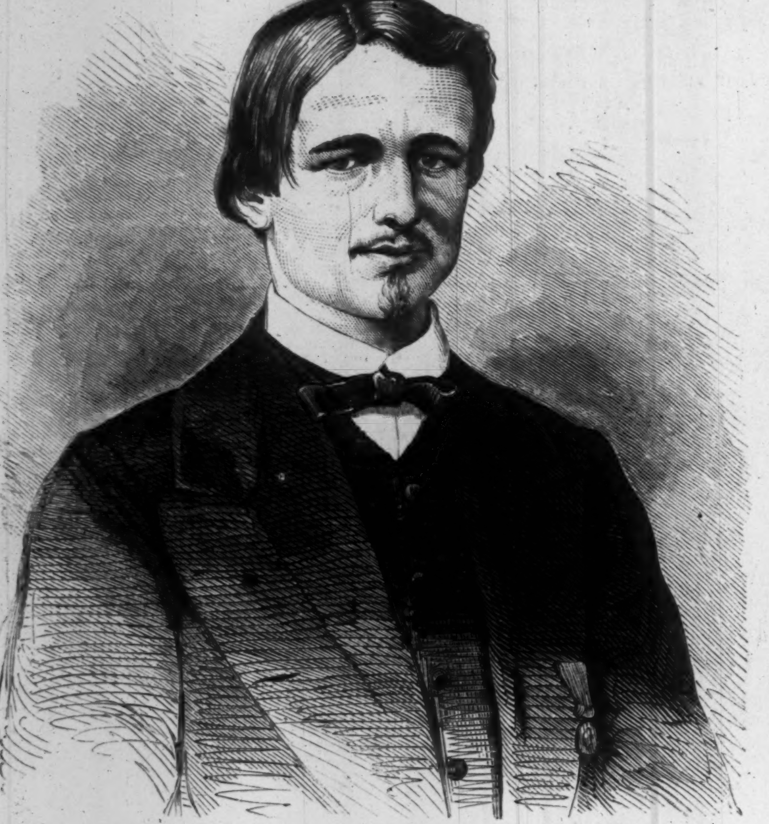
The day after this speech was made by Secretary Seward there was in Washington a serenade of the President and his cabinet, and in nearly every case their political views were called forth.

Secretary Welles was brief: "You are one and all," he said, "for the Union, I suppose, and for the establishment of the rights of the States. These are my views."

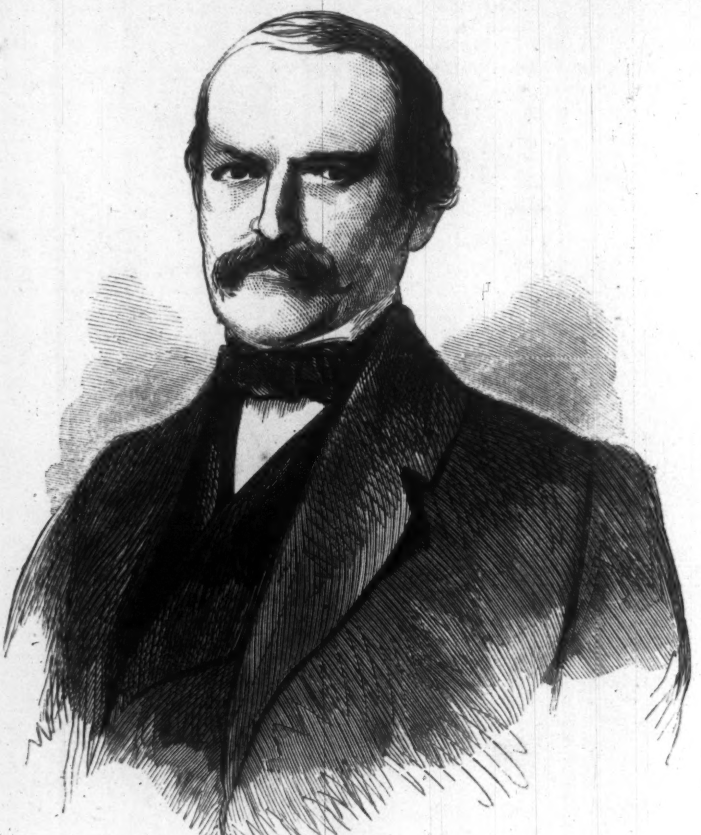
Secretary Stanton spoke at length. He had at first been in favor, he said, that negro suffrage ought to be demanded of the South, but he had concluded that it was impracticable. He had advised the President to approve the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. He expressed no commendation of the Civil Rights Bill, neither did he condemn it; but he seemed to think there was reason to apprehend that military rule in the South might result in legislation unfavorable to Northern emigration to the South. He was opposed to the disfranchisement clause of the amendment proposed by the Reconstruction Committee.

Secretary M'Culloch's speech was a complete and hearty indorsement of President Johnson's policy in every particular. He concluded thus: I have desired and hoped for the continuation of this great Union party, with which I have ever been identified [cheers]; but if its leaders can present nothing better than the programme of the Committee, I am greatly apprehensive that its days will be numbered. I trust, fellow-citizens, that this will not be the case; that it will discard its hostility, and its attempt to continue alienation between the two sections of the country, and that it will embrace these principles, which look to harmony, to restoration, and to peace. If it should do this, it will still continue to be the great and controlling party of the country, and cover itself with imperishable glory. If it does not, its days are numbered, and the epitaph that will be written it will be: "It knew how to prosecute the war with vigor, but it lacked the wisdom to avail itself of the benefits of victory."

Secretary Dennison feared that if the differences between the President and Congress were not adjusted the Union party would suffer dissolution. The situation was better than at the beginning of the session. There was no longer any talk of holding the Southern States as conquered provinces. "The work of restoration," he said, "calls for every concession authorized by the Constitution. I will not doubt that this concession will be made, and the results of the war by which the nation was preserved will be secured and perpetuated on the basis of peace and concord between the people of all sections of our country."



OSSIP IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI, THE ENNOBLED PEASANT WHO SAVED THE CZAR'S LIFE.



COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER OF PRUSSIA.
[See Page 366.]

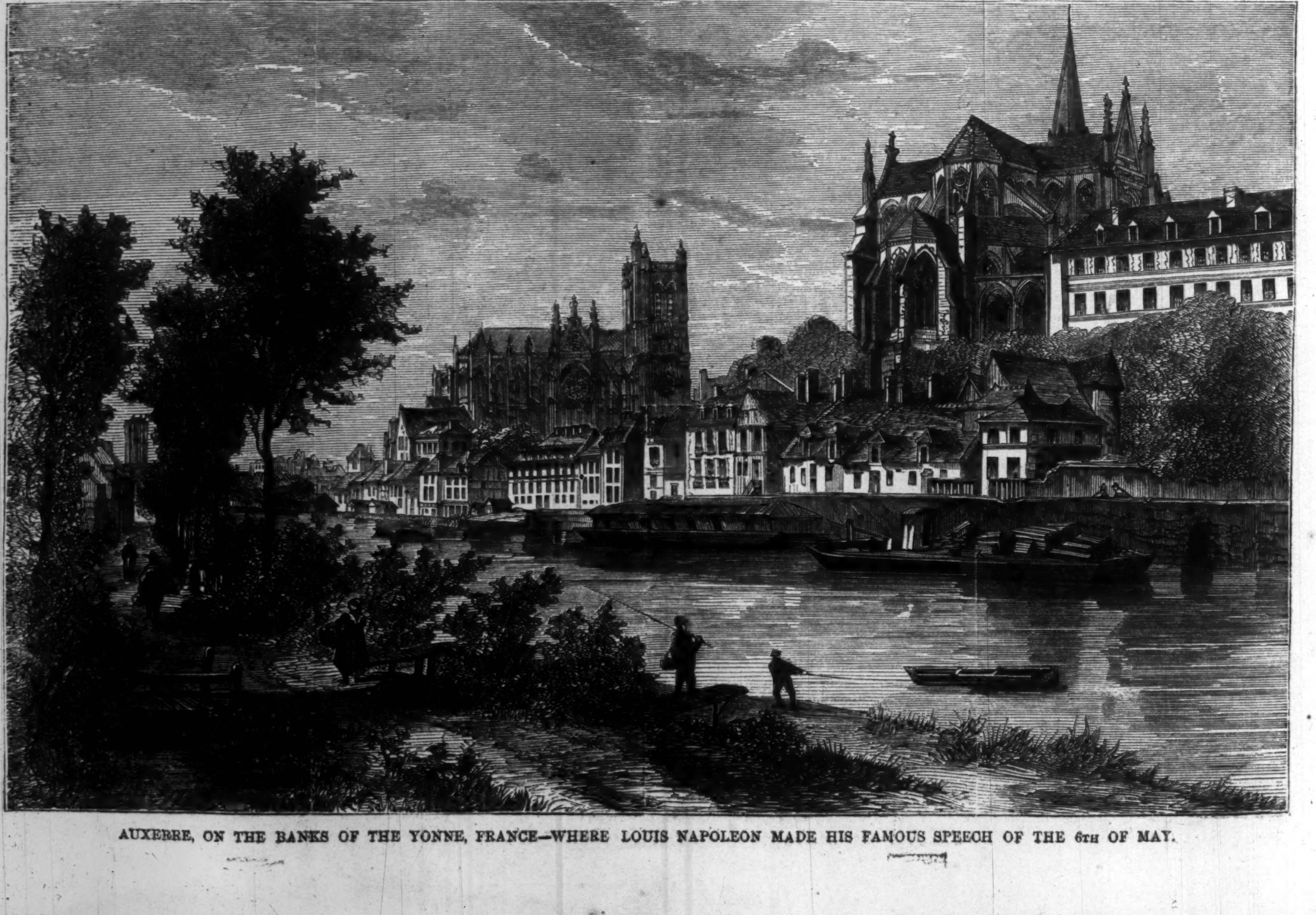
OSSIP IVANOFF

KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI.

As the enthusiasm about the newly-made nobleman who was the means of saving the Czar's life continues in St. Petersburg, we give his portrait, and a few particulars of the man who is for the time being the idol and subject of conversation of all Russia.

Ossip (Joseph) Ivanoff Kommissaroff, a young man of twenty-five, was born in the village of Molvitino, province of Kostroma. The village belongs to Baron Kuster, to whom Kommissaroff stands in the relation of a liberated annuity-paying serf. Having been lately allowed to go to St. Petersburg and work in a hatter's shop, he soon rose in his calling, became foreman, and married a peasant girl. The 16th April being his birthday, he went to say his prayers in the chapel near the house of Peter the Great. Going to the river-side, close to the Marble Palace, he perceived that the bridge was removed and the passage temporarily interrupted. Retracing his steps, he then made his way to the Summer Garden, at the gate of which a crowd was assembling round an Imperial equipage. Knowing the carriage to be the Emperor's and longing for the happiness of beholding his Majesty, he joined the crowd waiting for the monarch's arrival. Presently there was a stir in the crowd, and he saw the Czar in an overcoat. His Majesty approached the carriage, and was putting on his cloak, when a young man, who had been standing behind Kommissaroff, tried to push him aside. This individual had repeatedly attempted to penetrate through the surrounding crowd and get nearer the carriage; but Kommissaroff, wishing to see the Emperor, would not suffer him to squeeze through and plant himself before him. At the moment when the Emperor was putting on his cloak the individual, pushing Kommissaroff forcibly aside, made his way to the front ranks of the multitude. Kommissaroff followed him closely. Hardly had the assassin got near the Emperor when, drawing a pistol from underneath his overcoat, he leveled it at the Emperor. Kommissaroff, who had noticed the movement, instantly caught him by the arm, and, diverting the pistol from its aim, caused it to discharge in the air.

The family name of the Czar's deliverer has been changed into that of Kommissaroff Kostromskoi, in memory of the province which has twice furnished saviours to the Imperial house in moments of danger. He finds himself suddenly enriched and ennobled by the favor of the grateful Czar, and he is the object of a romantic and passionate enthusiasm on the part of the loyal population of the Russian capital. Whenever he shows his face in the streets he is pounced upon and kissed by moujiks; his door in the Kirpitchnoi Pereoulok, where temporary apartments have been taken for him by the Crown until his new house shall be ready, and where he is waited on by servants in the Imperial livery, is besieged day and night by an eager crowd, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the saviour of the Czar's life; he has been enrolled honorary member of all the clubs at St. Petersburg and Moscow; his health is drunk at all entertainments, many of which are held solely for the purpose of doing him honor; his photograph and that of his wife meet the eye in every window and are hawked about at every ten steps. Besides the original grants of money and estates from the Imperial purse and the public subscriptions opened for him in all the great towns, golden swords, estates in land, given by private individuals, precious images, and every imaginable kind of present continue to pour in upon the ci-devant hatter's apprentice. His patent of hereditary nobility has been made out, and the ukase from the Emperor Alexander on the subject has already appeared in the public journals. The most astounding feature in the whole business is the fact that General Todleben, the talented defender of Sebastopol, has been selected, as a kind of tutor, to look after, advise, and generally educate the bewildered young man.



AUXERRE, ON THE BANKS OF THE YONNE, FRANCE—WHERE LOUIS NAPOLEON MADE HIS FAMOUS SPEECH OF THE 6th OF MAY.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXII.

It really must not be indulged in, this tendency to loiter along the way—a tendency caused by birth and long residence under Southern skies. We must quicken our pace over these pages to keep up with events falling in rapid succession.

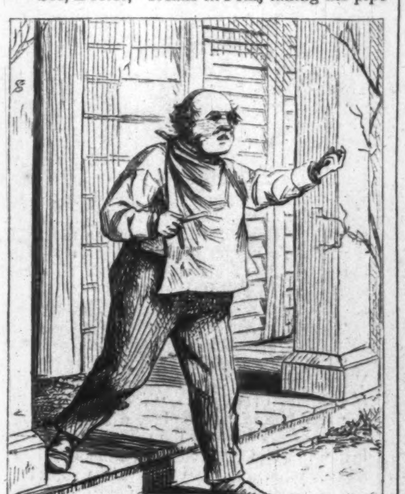
There is the march of the Federals upon Atlanta. The Somerville *Star* has kept all of us in Somerville fully aware of every thing relating to that. It is a thrilling narrative as told us from *Star* to *Star*. Let us think. We give up Chattanooga, a place of no use to the Federals, and the abandonment of which is a positive advantage to the Confederate cause in every way—there is a motive in it. That motive we all understand and exult in when we have the *Star* and all the bells in town triumphant over the total defeat of Rosecrans soon after, and the reoccupation of Chattanooga, capturing therein stores and munitions of war enough to supply the whole South for two years.

Captain Simmons, standing in Jem Budd's shop, is full, as Jem, in paper cap, dirty face, leathern apron, files and tinkers away at his gun-making and mending, of it. During two hours he discusses with Jem the splendid strategy of General Bragg, and its complete success; to all of which Jem says, at intervals, "As you say, Captain." "Exactly so, Sir." "Just what I say." "Precisely." "Yes, *Sir;* of that we may be sure."

Yet when, not a week after, Dr. Warner, in attendance upon poor, pale little Mrs. Budd, upon whom he is always in attendance for that matter, says to Jem, sitting in the room, by the fireside for the convenience of spitting as he smokes: "And so it turns out that the Federals were *not* driven out of Chattanooga, Mr. Budd. Having read the accounts of the way in which they had fortified themselves there, I really did not for a moment suppose that other report was true, did you?" Jem spits and replies, "Certainly not," and weaves in his habitual affirmatives to all that Dr. Warner has to say.

"Eighteen months!" the Doctor ejaculates a moment after. "People at the North wouldn't believe it. And the way you have managed to keep it close, too! I have feared a hundred times—"

"See, Doctor," breaks in Jem, taking his pipe from his mouth in order to lower his tone, "Alf couldn't get shet of conscription any other way. You know how we hammered at it for ever so long before we could fix it up. The cellar was Mrs. Budd's notion; we laughed at it, Alf and I, at first. Then we all thought, when Alf first hid there, the war would 'a been over long ago. He's *there*, and there's nothing else to do but *stay* there that I can see;" and Jem resumes his pipe.

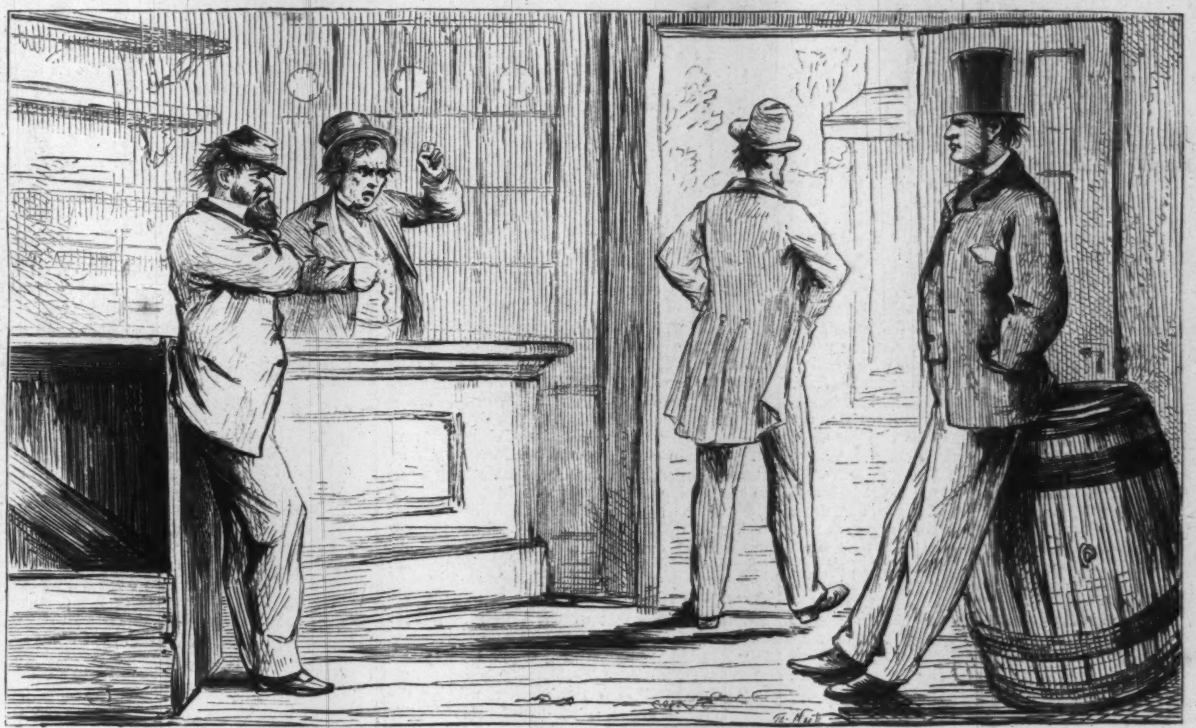


THE DOCTOR HAS GOOD NEWS.

"Why, he's making a fortune in shoes, man, if your wife does get the credit of it. But what preposterous letters he writes! Dr. Ginnis was giving me all the contents of that last one from New York," says Dr. Warner, with glee. "I could hardly keep it in."

"Oh, that's Alf's fun; only recreation he has, Doctor," pleads Mrs. Budd, whose whole existence is invested in Alf and Jem. "But you can't tell how comfortable he is down there. Often comes up after night. Alf's got as fair as a girl there out of the sun. But oh! if the war would *only* end! I am *so* tired, tired! And Mrs. Isaac Smith came so near finding Alf out that day. It would kill me if they was to get Alf," adds poor little Mrs. Budd. "And he won't go with the Federals now he has a chance. Says he wants to see it out here in Somerville; as if he sees any thing!"

"You see, Mr. Budd," says Dr. Warner at last, perfectly grave as he rises to leave, "we Secessionists are pursuing a masterly policy. You will not forget to give Mrs. Budd the powders; those last bells were a little too much for her."



MISCEGENATION ARGUMENT.

"And you really, really do think—" says pale little Mrs. Budd, smiling through the borders of her preposterously beruffled night-cap. With clergymen, sea-captains, and physicians women are always confidential.

"I really, really *do*, ma'am," replies Dr. Warner, with unctuous energy. "Just wait a little. Yes, a masterly policy. We are retreating toward Atlanta only to draw the Federals deeper into the country, away from their base, their gun-boats, and all that. Oh, don't let any fear of that keep you sick; we are bound to whip them. Your husband will tell you the same." And Jem Budd, with a responsive grin upon his usually sedate countenance, says, "Exactly what I say, Lucy. Oh, we'll whip 'em, we'll whip 'em!"

Only there is more smiling all around than the conversation, apart from its peculiar tone, would warrant—a degree of cordiality, too, among the parties.

"And Alice Bowles is actually teaching school?" asks Mrs. Budd as Dr. Warner is drawing on his gloves.

"Hard at it, ma'am. You mustn't think badly of her when I tell you, with her absurd raising, it was death almost to her to do it. She always was a noble girl. They are very much pressed, you know we all are now, but *very* much pressed *indeed*. The discipline she is enduring is the very thing for her, be the making of her," says the physician.

"I always thought so much of Alice," says weak little Mrs. Budd, "because she is so pretty and strong. She often comes to see me. She knows all about Alf. How she laughed when I told her! Ah me! Doctor, I never was very strong; but once, years ago, Jem there, at least he said so—"

"Thought you were very pretty, ma'am," interrupts the Doctor, "and was perfectly right, ma'am. Only wait until you get your health again, Mrs. Budd—until our glorious independence is secured, you know!"

"Just what I tell Lucy," adds her husband, with a smile. Mrs. Budd is not the only pretty girl whose beauty gives place to ill health within a very few years after marriage in southern climes—fair, frail creatures, whose day is like that of the butterfly in more respects than one.

"I tease Alice about Tim Lamum and Mr. Neely and all her other beaux," says Mrs. Budd, whom Dr. Warner's visit has greatly enlivened, "but I never dare mention Mr. Arthur to her."

"Such a traitor, you know," adds Dr. Warner. "Pity, pity!"

"Exactly so!" says Jem Budd, reflecting the Doctor's smile.

"Not much worse than Jem here, I'm afraid," puts in Mrs. Budd, with the same light upon her face. "He never says a word to me, Jem don't—not to a soul since this thing began; but I'm afraid Jem's a bad, bad man!"

"Exactly as I say!" adds Jem, following the Doctor to the door with a candle and a grin.

And there is many another among the men still left in Somerville, though none so sedate and non-committal as he. Very often have Dr. Warner, old Mr. Adams, and the like been favored with a wink and an aside smile which said as plain as words, "A good joke, ain't it?" by individuals in the very heat of jubilation amidst a crowd over foreign intervention, glorious victory, iron-plated Confederate fleet, Northern sickness of the war, and all the rest. The number of these equivocal individuals in Somerville is great, is increasing, their facetiousness becoming more undisguised every day.

And so the times roll on. We are not without news in these days in Somerville. Sure enough, the Federals *are* being drawn slowly but steadily away from Chattanooga. With unprecedented folly they persist in walking blindly, madly into the fatal trap. We whip them at Dalton, we rout them with terrible slaughter at Marietta, yet they still have enough left to follow our army, fallen back to entice them still further in. Such a series of Confederate victories we have never yet enjoyed. Full details by the column; little items, like grains of pepper, in all the corners of every paper. "The destruction of Sherman's army is more complete than had been supposed." "We have totally destroyed Sherman's line of communication with Chattanooga." "It is now well known that at Kenesaw Mountain Johnston will spring his trap, the enemy being drawn sufficiently into it."

Then follows the brilliant victory achieved by Hood, now in command, over Sherman at Atlanta; of this we have the official accounts and the—bells.

It is just following this that Mr. Arthur, riding in to the Post-office very early one morning, goes direct from the office to Mr. Ferguson's room. So early, in fact, that he finds that gentleman still in bed. As to Mr. Arthur, he is wide awake, very ruddy and fresh.

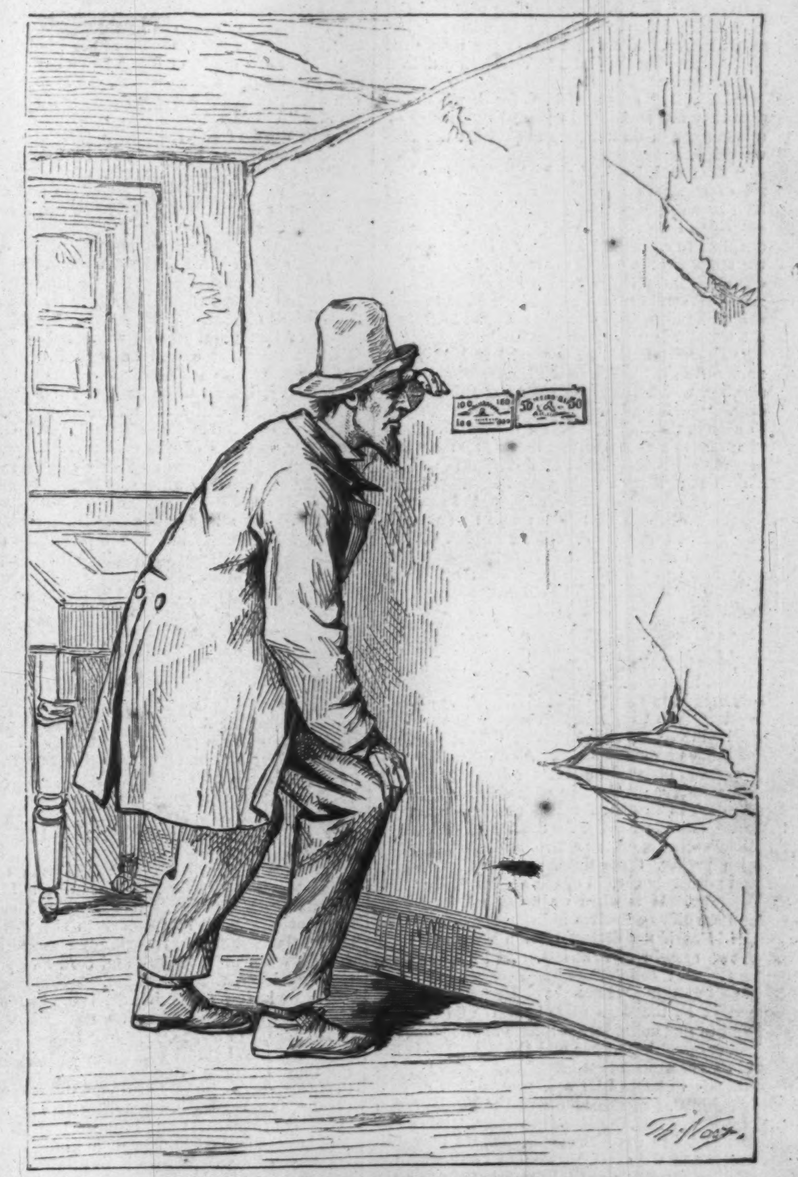
"If you please, let me have the key of your safe," he says, in high spirits, to his friend.

"Key of my safe?" And the Scotchman, drawing on his trowsers, hands that implement to his friend, taking it from under his pillow, watching grimly the futile efforts of Mr. Arthur to unlock the safe, or even to find the keyhole when he has the key.

"I wanted to make an entry in your Scrap-book," he explains at last, with boyish eagerness.

"An entry?" And Mr. Ferguson, holding up his trowsers with his left hand, has opened the safe in a moment.

"Atlanta has fallen!" His visitor can keep



THE TEST OF CONFEDERATE MONEY.

it back no longer; beginning with enthusiasm, his voice faltering as he says it, though. "Oh, Mr. Ferguson, Atlanta has fallen at last!"

Not a syllable from Mr. Ferguson, not a smile. If possible, more grim than ever. Yet, by a singular coincidence, he remembers, doubtless merely from the safe being open before him, that he is indebted, which he is not, to Mr. Arthur, and pays him two double eagles on account upon the spot. And Mr. Ferguson spends the whole of that day upon the streets—no particular business at all. For there is this peculiarity of the Union men—that while you never see them abroad, so far as they can help it, when the news is good, as it generally is in Somerville hitherto, for the Confederacy; so sure as it is bad, which will happen in spite of the *Star* occasionally, out they all swarm from their retreats, meeting with each other, clasping warm hands and shaking doleful heads, with smiling faces, over the tidings at every turn and corner. Secessionists not unaware of it either.

The very next time Mr. Arthur rides in to the Post-office he is hailed before he can get there from the yard of Dr. Warner's house. Whenever he conveniently could Mr. Arthur rather avoided that residence. He imagined black eyes watching him through the windows, and, from mere sight of him, a terrible tongue set agoing. More than once have 'Ria and Bub, long since withdrawn from the Sunday-school, hailed him in opprobrious terms in passing, saluting him on one or two instances with *their* political sentiments in the shape of pebbles. Until he is safely past the house he is not sure but Mrs. W. may herself rush out and scourge him with her tongue. For he often hears of the frequent and various ways in which she has expressed her ardent desire that he should be disposed of. Truth is, he has a mortal terror of the lady in question.

So that when he is hailed this morning, as he rides by on his way to the Post-office, he nervously starts until he sees it is Dr. Warner. The Doctor, while shaving at the glass in his room, has spied his friend passing, and now comes out in his shirt-sleeves and the soap upon his fresh, good-humored face to say, "Don't be in such a hurry—hold on." And, leaning over the fence, Dr. Warner does not wait for an answer as to the health of Mrs. Sorel before he says, glancing behind him at the house and in a lowered tone of voice,

"Have you heard the news?"

"No. Some glorious Confederate victory? Where was it?" deeming it best to show the Doctor and himself thereby that he expects and is prepared for the strongest news of that nature.

"Mobile has fallen!" pressing still closer to the fence, and speaking in a still lower tone.

"Are you certain?" Ah, what relief and satisfaction! You at the North supposed you derived pleasure from news of Federal success—you knew nothing about it!

"Oh yes; that is, Farragut has captured the forts which defended it. Of course the city lies at his mercy. We will hear by the next mail of his occupying the place." Which they didn't, nor for long days after.

"All well?" asks his friend, for they both feel that they are standing in point-blank range of a battery, and do not care to protract the conversation.

"Yes; and, by-the-by, I will send out a barrel of sugar to Mrs. Sorel's this morning. I have been owing you"—which here, too, is not the case—"a long time. Well, good-by. Haven't got time to come in, I suppose? I'll see you on the streets in the course of the day." And, sure enough, all the Union people are abroad to-day again, swarming forth in this last burst of sunshine like bees, with scarcely subdued buzz, too, the weather is getting *so* pleasant!

"Thought I didn't see you?" is Mrs. Warner's sarcastic remark as the Doctor resumes his shaving, which the Doctor did *not* think, however. "I'll bet a thousand dollars, when I come to hear it, there's bad news for the South. Running out this cold morning like a great big boy in your shirt-sleeves and half shaved to talk to a man that never enters your house. There's some bad news—you needn't tell me! I saw you laughing when you told him; and I as good as heard him say, 'Thank God, I'm glad of it!' Humph, I know you by this time!"

Which was the solemn fact; but the Doctor, with his head fallen into its old droop, shaves on, making the soap upon his mouth the base excuse for not saying any thing in reply. But, at last, Mrs. W. has not half so much to say as of old, nor half the bitterness in saying that which she used to exhibit.

There is, in fact, this peculiarity about all Secessionists in Somerville—it is only as they are excited that they are confident; the instant they cool they become doubtful. As a large audience gathered to hear Colonel Ret Roberts or Captain Simmons, for the Captain, with a firm hold upon the desk in Brother Barker's church—"Admittance, one silver dollar for the benefit of the soldiers"—makes orations, Brother Barker opening with prayer, these days, we are enthusiastic, and positively certain of the success of the Confederacy. It is when we break up, go home, and are off to ourselves individually, that we, in the ideas if not dialect of Bob Withers, "Are not so certain of it at last. At least, for one, by George! *I* ain't!"

Of one thing we are, thank Heaven! perfectly certain as the days glide by. We do not pretend to understand what Sherman and Hood are about marching hither and thither. Davis has told us at Macon that Sherman's capture of Atlanta is to be to him a Moscow defeat at last. Leaving out of consideration the conflagration of Moscow and the Russian winter, trifling discrepancies in the historic parallel, we only wait to hear of the total destruction of Sherman in fulfillment of this official prophecy. After the first sickening sensation upon hearing of the fall of Atlanta we recuperate, confidently counting upon Sherman's great disaster as only a question of time, for Davis has said it.

Of another thing we are even more certain—the defeat of Lincoln at the approaching election. For months the Somerville *Star* has been filled with articles from Northern papers, themselves so replete with denunciation of Lincoln, so confident of his speedy fall, that we only wonder the North, in its intense and evidently unanimous hatred of Lincoln, is willing to wait until election day to hurl him headlong from his place. We know the despot will endeavor to bring the bayonet to bear upon the polls; there may be a few votes cast for him by office-holders; but there will be one universal fight at every election precinct in the North. We would prefer M'Clellan should be elected on some accounts, yet count a good deal upon neither candidate being elected, but the whole mockery of a government there being utterly broken up, exploded, totally wrecked by the convulsions sure to shake the land upon election day.

Lamum has articles, a series of them, to prove it. Captain Simmons made a description of these approaching convulsions a thrilling point in his orations, the earthquake in Lisbon being the tremendous illustration thereof, himself tottering in the stand as he spake, in a manner exceedingly emblematic. Yet as the day approaches there is a slackening of public certainty somehow.

"I have hoped M'Clellan might be elected," Dr. Warner has said to Mr. Arthur in the security of Mr. Ferguson's room.

"You have!" exclaims that gentleman, with as much surprise as pain.

"Why, yes," says Dr. Warner, rubbing the phrenological organ, whatever it is, immediately behind the ear with his forefinger. "I see no end to the war otherwise. The Democratic party might conciliate in some way, compromise, arrange the thing," continues the fat, slovenly, thoroughly excellent physician, in a vague, general, undecided manner. "Don't you?" he asks, doubtfully.

"I?" asks Mr. Arthur, with indignation. "No, Sir! May Heaven forbid! There is only one plain road: to carry the war steadily, unflinchingly on till the purpose for which it began is accomplished. The election of M'Clellan I would look upon as the election of vacillation, weakness, the success of the Confederacy, anarchy, ruin! I am really amazed that you, Doctor, could look at it any other way. Don't *you* regard it in that light, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Of course!" growls the Scotchman, in accents scarcely polite to Dr. Warner, considered as being at the moment his guest. "Not a sensible Union man North or South thinks otherwise."

And yet when we hear in Somerville that Lincoln is actually elected, no man sees more clearly by that time than Dr. Warner that the Union men have greater cause to rejoice in this than in any other victory achieved by the nation. Yes, that victory was the Waterloo of the whole war.

"If you can use it, or if you know any person—any person not a Secessionist, you know—who can use it, send out a wagon, send half a dozen wagons," old Mr. Adams says the very day we hear in town of the re-election of Lincoln, to Mr. Arthur, whom he meets, as he might and did meet every other Union man of Somerville, upon the streets. "I've plenty of rye and oats left; you or any body, any body you can recommend, is more than welcome!"

Very remarkable. Thin, and sharp, and cold as a razor is old Mr. Adams. A tough time of it Sam Peters, even Brother Barker himself had of it before the war in getting a cent for any object out of old Mr. Adams, strenuous communicant of that church as he was. All Brother Barker's communion well knew and bewailed Brother Adams's stinginess. It was as well, as proverbially, known to be Brother Adams's sin which did most easily beset him, as was lying known to be Brother Peters's weakness. Only the latter, in times of religious revival, openly confessed, and, in terms so highly colored as to show the old vice ran in the very blood, bewailed his sin, whereas Brother Adams did nothing of the kind. We all knew Brother Barker meant him in all his many hits at the penurious and close-fisted in and out of pulpit—all of us except the individual aimed at himself. Or if he knew it he only gripped his bivalves more closely together, and took it upon his crustaceous sides, like so much mere water.

But all that was before Secession. If any Secessionist obtained, otherwise than by physical force, a horse, or a bundle of fodder, or a stem of oats, or a grain of corn, or an ounce of pork from old Brother Adams, that fact is not upon record. To Union people, on the other hand, he no more thought of withholding any thing he possessed than he thought of going to hear Brother Barker or any other Secessionist preach. Long and thin, sharp, cold, and hard as he was, sour and close, old Mr. Adams had hidden among his bones, like gold among the strata, a pure, strong love of country: the vein once struck was inexhaustible. How can we tell how much it cost his friends to elect Mr. Lincoln there at the North? Millions in the way of bribes, the *Star* said. It certainly cost old Mr. Adams, when over, in pork and corn and potatoes, hundreds, to say the least.

But we have no time in Somerville to reason about the results of Lincoln's re-election, the *Star* exulting in it as the certain means—as hundreds of events have been before—of at last making the South a unit, and thoroughly arousing the people. Ah, how many, many theories were manufactured at the South during the war, each perfectly symmetrical and beautiful! Bubbles? Yes, but then we could blow them as fast as they burst, you know. Yet we have no time to discuss that question in our intense curiosity in reference to Sherman just now.

"Yes, he *has* cut loose from Atlanta," Captain Simmons demonstrates the matter, newspaper in hand, to Dr. Ginnis and Mr. Ellis collected in Jem Budd's shop out of the rain—"cut loose from Atlanta in sheer despair of getting out of Georgia by the way he came; Hood, you see, having got behind him. He is making—you see what the paper says—frantic efforts to escape by way of the Atlantic coast, his only hope left, sheer desperation."

"Oh, Lee from Richmond!" begins Dr. Ginnis, eagerly.

"And the militia of South Carolina!" adds Mr. Ellis, still more eagerly.

"Of course will close in upon him. I have no more doubt of the capture of his entire command than I have of my existence. Davis's idea of his retreat to Tennessee being cut off was good, as every thing from his consummate statesmanship is; but," continues Captain Simmons, "Sherman's case was worse than Davis supposed. Why, gentlemen, look at it, not one man, not a single gun he has but we are bound to get. It is a certainty."

"A special Providence,' says good Mr. Ellis. "I love to trace the hand of Heaven in our cause."

"That's just what I say," puts in Jem Budd, as he hammers away at a gun-barrel clenched in its vice upon his work-table. "Exactly what *I* say." Consequently while we are rejoiced thereby still it is only what we expected when we soon read in all the papers of the capture of Sherman. And, to make this good news complete, the same dates give tidings of Hood's capture of Nashville.

"What I always said," Jem Budd remarks to Tim Lamum, dropped into the shop to see, in a languid way, if his revolver has all the silver mountings he has ordered for it; and who, cigar in mouth, legs hanging listlessly down as he sits on Jem's work-bench, gives him all the details of these two glorious events as they have been coming in for two weeks now.

"Seems to me," Jem Budd ventures at last, punching and hammering away, none the less, at his work, "that Brother Barker isn't as chirky as he used to be." He only says this to say something.

"—— old woman!" vituperates Tim, with prompt profanity. For Brother Barker does not occupy the position in Somerville he used to; he has in some imperceptible, incomprehensible manner dwindled and shriveled. Very few, indeed, at church these Sabbaths. Sabbath-school long since suspended.

Even grim Mr. Ferguson almost pities them, his respected fellow-citizens of the Secession persuasion, when the truth comes upon them at last! Comes upon them so suddenly, and with double blow! And herewith a fact, not altogether new but interesting in human nature, is evolved. As thus:

"Any thing new in the paper this morning?" Dr. Warner asks, the very day after Tim Lamum's conversation with Mr. Budd, of Dr. Ginnis, with whom he has professional relations.

"Why, n-n-no. Some rumors, I believe; I have not had time to look carefully over the paper yet. By-the-by, Doctor, what do you think now of that negro's wound? Not lockjaw supervening, do you think?"

"Have you the paper there, Captain Simmons? Any thing in it?" Dr. Warner—easy, good-natured Dr. Warner—frayed as to the edges of shirt bosom and collar, gone as to half-a-dozen buttons or so on vest, neckerchief and hair disheveled and scattered abroad as by gusty winds; yet we all like him in Somerville, as unanimous in opinion about him as we are in sentiment in reference to his wife; being on good terms with—except his wife—every person in town, the Doctor asks the question in an indifferent way of the Captain.

"Nothing of special interest, Doctor; nothing at all," replies the Captain, folding up the paper as he speaks and putting it in his pocket, oblivious, in a dignified manner, of the Doctor's hand extended for it. "The solemn truth is," continues the Captain, seriously, steadying himself, so to speak, by fastening his oracular and admonitory eyes upon those of his questioner, "there is no truth in the world just now. Falsehood? From my infancy have I loathed it. Lying? Next to a Yankee, my soul abhors it. Sainted parents instilled the story of Ananias and Sapphira into my earliest being. Sir," continues the Captain, "it is painful to say it, but men of my standing," holding on to the Doctor under pretense of laying a Mentor's hand upon his shoulder, "should not hesitate to utter at this awful crisis their religious convictions. You may repeat it, Sir, as from Captain Simmons, Lamum is a Yankee, and Lamum is a liar. Never had I the least faith in him or his paper. No, Sir, I was not falling. When I require your assistance to enable me to maintain an upright position I will say so. Nothing new, Sir, in the paper, save foolish rumors—nothing at all"

"Nothing new, I'm told," Dr. Warner remarks to Mr. Ferguson, into whose room he next enters. "I was up all night with one of Colonel Wright's hands who has given himself an ugly cut, or got one some way."

"Nothing at all," replies, concisely, the Scotchman, who is busy with scissors and paste at his collection, "except that Sherman is in possession of Savannah with trifling loss, and Hood's army has been utterly routed below Nashville!"

"Bless my soul! and it must be true!" exclaims the electrified Doctor, his face ablaze with satisfaction.

"I beg you will let me pay you that little amount, Doctor," Mr. Ferguson says in conclusion of their conversation, a very animated conversation.

"Not one cent, Sir; not one cent. I will be positively offended if you ever mention it again," and both offer and refusal are in strict coherence with the news; and the Doctor leaves him a happier and a wiser man.

"I tell you just what it is, gentlemen! Why not say it if a fellow thinks it, by George! You all know I'm not a bad Southern man, but we are whipped, gentlemen, whipped, by George! and well whipped." It is Bob Withers makes the remark that same day in the presence of Captain Simmons and Mr. Ellis, in the store of the latter.

"Only a few days ago, in Jem Budd's shop, I think it was, I said I was afraid about Sherman. You see I didn't see where the troops were to come from to stop him. Besides," adds Captain Simmons, "Georgia is rotten—you mark my words, rotten, gentlemen. That about Hood I don't see into. I can't believe it, and I won't. Sometimes we say of news 'It's too good to be true,' and this"—with heavy swearing—"is too bad to be true!"

"For me," says Mr. Ellis, too nervous about the news to notice with reprobation, as he ordinarily would, the profanity, "I endeavor to trace the hand of a just God in all events. It can't be we are to be subjugated, *can not* be; it would be unjust, unjust, grossest injustice in—I mean the Almighty will not permit it, should not, will not!" very much excited indeed.

"But look at it, gentlemen," reasons Bob Withers; "we've got our last men in the field, ain't we? You both know as well as I, not a soul goes to the front if he can help it; neither of you gentlemen has the least idea of going, and you don't catch *me* going, by George! Details for this, details for that, nothing but details. Then, it wouldn't do to talk this way about things before Union people, but *we* know how the soldiers are deserting, shoot them as fast as you please; but they will desert, sick of the war, want to get back to their sweet-hearts and wives. Lincoln elected for another four years, being whipped in all the fights, what's the use? they say. And it's more than enrolling officers dare to do, arresting them around here. Six enrolling officers shot down lately in my own knowledge by returned soldiers."

"Mr. Withers," begins Mr. Ellis, excitedly.

"People won't touch the paper-money except enough to pay taxes. Impressment is souring people, by George! a little too fast; they shoot them down, by George! I know *one* man won't take office as impressing officer!" Bob Withers continues.

"Mr. Withers, you really ought not," good little Mr. Ellis begins again, emphatically. Only more emphatically than he Mr. Withers proceeds:

"You hear it on every side, openly, 'I do this to keep out of the army,' 'do that to keep out of the army.' You may mow them down by whole ranks at a time for desertion, it does no good, not a bit. Then, look at the country people—returned soldiers, I suppose—breaking open people's houses by night, demanding of old men, even of women and children, their money, or blow their brains out, let alone taking every thing they can lay their hands on in open day. Then—"

"But what is the alternative, man?" Captain Simmons breaks in upon Mr. Withers, with energy enough to drown and overwhelm him. "Submission. Submission to wretched Abolitionists. Ab-o-lition-ists! gentlemen, people who make the negro our equal, actually associate with them. There is, gentlemen," adds Captain Simmons, with an air, "a new ism at the North, miscegenation," tucking a thumb in the arm-hole of his vest on each side as he speaks, "they call it, the abominable intermarriage—"

"How any man can suppose a holy God will—" vainly attempts Mr. Ellis to put in.

"Oh, shut up, Simmons!" interrupts Bob Withers, with violence in honest face and voice, triumphant over both. "Who do I see riding to water late of an evening, with a little milk-and-molasses chap on the pommel of his saddle before him? Oh, by George! Simmons, be consistent, man. Tuesday? No, it was Wednesday last—never mind what day it was. Simmons here will tell you who it was I saw driving out a-fishing in his buggy with a yellow woman—and she ain't even pretty, Simmons—dressed up as nice as you please, and that same little half-white chap—fine child, Simmons, as I ever saw—in her lap. And it's been so for years—we all know that here in Somerville—does you actual credit in some respects, man. And you know whether or no you *did* send that oldest yellow boy of yours to Oberlin before the war began. But you ain't the only man South, only you are more steady to one, Simmons—steady, by George! to one."

"I consider your licentious remarks, Sir, as personal," says Captain Simmons, reddening and swelling like a turkey-cock.

"Don't intend any offense," Bob Withers rattles on; "but I appeal to Dr. Peel, dropped in just in time. No, I won't; Dr. Peel is one of the sinners, like Simmons and myself. But here's Mr. Ellis—regular church-member and all that, now, Mr. Ellis. Look here! if a man *will* live, it's all a matter of taste; my taste ain't that way myself; but if a man will live for years—you ain't the only one, Simmons—with a negro woman, raise up a family—no ladies present, I believe—this is the point, Mr. Ellis—is it worse to do that illicitly, illegally, or legally—heh? As to this whole Secession, I always said it was only the grandest sort of a spree—a tirreemendous spree, by George! Smash up in the end, see if there ain't."

"I consider, Sir, your whole strain of conversation as unworthy a Southern man," excited Mr. Ellis gets room to say at last. "Your sentiments are dangerous, Sir, dangerous for you to utter in this community, Sir. They will not be tolerated, Sir, not for an instant, Sir—"

There is a nervousness, an excitability of manner, a feverish motion of hands and feet and eyelids with Mr. Ellis which attracts more attention than what he says. But Bob Withers, in the very midst of Mr. Ellis's excited speech, after contemplating him curiously for a while, utters a loud and long-continued Whew! turned violently up in its ending, and with an "Oh, by George!" walks coolly out of the store.

"Pshaw! Withers must be drunk this morning," Captain Simmons explains in a dignified manner to Dr. Peel, after Mr. Ellis's excitement can be got a little under control. "Not a bad fellow poor Withers, only he will find when too late that"—and the Captain says it with tearful pathos—"it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder."

"The association of the whites and the blacks it was he was talking about?" asks Dr. Peel, magnificent as usual in broadcloth, hair-oil, and jewelry. "Sherman and Thomas have whipped Bob into *that*, have they? By George! gentlemen, we are getting along," says Dr. Peel, in condescending imitation of the person just departed. "How any man," Dr. Peel adds at last, adjusting the gold studs upon his snowy shirt-cuffs, "can look upon an intermingling of the races without loathing unutterable, horror beyond words, I can not imagine. It is done every where else in the world, which is one of the many reasons I have for looking upon our country as the purest and noblest on earth in that it so regards—what is it?—miscegenation." And there is moral force in the solemnity of Dr. Peel's oaths in continuance of the conversation.

"Speaking of marriage," says Captain Simmons, exceedingly malapropos, "come, Dr. Peel, tell us when it is to be?" he asks; for, on the strength of his recent public speeches, with very complimentary notices of the same in the *Star*, Captain Simmons is on more familiar terms with Dr. Peel, splendid Dr. Peel, than of old.

"When what is to be?" Dr. Peel brings his full front to bear on his questioner. Yes, splendid is the word, in his fine and perfectly-fitting broadcloth, sumptuous satin vest crossed with massive links of gold, diamond pin, finest and whitest linen, superb teeth, large, authoritative eyes.

"Oh, come, come, Doctor," says Captain Simmons, not drunk enough to be sufficiently a match in dignity with Dr. Peel, "every body in Somerville knows it. We all hope General Wright won't let the war prevent his having a real, old-fashioned, grand time of it. You and he have so many personal friends, too, in all this region. A regular handsome thing of it, Doctor. I haven't sat down to a good table for four years," adds Captain Simmons—who loves eating only less than he does drinking—mournfully and with watering lips.

It was because of the delicacy of the matter. Of course it was that. It could be nothing else, you know. All men about to be married are nervous and diffident. On this occasion Dr. Peel, for a man of his mould and metal, seemed for a time remarkably teased and taken aback. But he extricates himself.

"Oh, nonsense, gentlemen," waving the matter off with a regal hand. "But I can tell you a little news worth your hearing."

Captain Simmons is wide awake in an instant. Mr. Ellis gets over his counter to be nearer the Doctor, listens to him with eager eyes. Yes, there is a pleasure. Bill Perkins finds more remuneration in that than in his five hundred Confederate dollars a month, in being the bearer of news, especially good news.

"Well, gentlemen," says Dr. Peel, with tantalizing dignity, "a friend has sent me a letter in advance of the mail. No mistake this time—Bragg's official dispatch. The Federals have made an attack upon Fort Fisher by land and by sea. Fort Fisher is the outwork, you know, of Wilmington. I am happy to say they have been repulsed. The attack was under command of Beast Butler—repulsed with terrible slaughter. They won't try that game again in a hurry."

"I knew it!" exclaims Mr. Ellis, with intense delight, rubbing together his almost trembling hands. "Our reverses were only for our trial, you know. The turning-point is reached at last. You will see that we will, from this out, have an uninterrupted career of victory. The loss of Wilmington, our last important port! Why, gentlemen, it would have ruined us! Had it been closed I would have given up our glorious cause as gone. But no; if Heaven be at times against us it is not unjust. The God who rules us could not, would not permit so terrible a wrong." And Mr. Ellis's eyes glitter and roll with an excitement almost painful to behold. "No, as you say, Sir, they will not attempt that again."

"What will you bet of it?" replies Dr. Peel, suddenly, and with singular inconsistency. "Oh, pshaw! I am only joking, you know. Come, Captain Simmons, I know of course that you are not dry—you never are—but I am. Let us see if Staples has any of that whisky left. Won't you join us, Mr. Ellis? No? Ah, you don't know what is good for you! Good-morning! You will see Bragg's congratulatory address to his troops in the morning's paper. It's well that little sanctified chap don't touch liquor, Simmons," Dr. Peel remarks, with oaths, before they have well got out of the store. "If he did, he would be in the Lunatic Asylum in two months. He's the sort—he and Barker—they make raving Spiritualists, Abolitionists, Free Lovers, and the like, out of up North. Hurrah for old Bragg! he's up once more; wonder how long he'll stay so!"

But Mrs. Warner. The whirlwinds of the last few months have seized upon her, lifted her off her feet, given her the most wonderful twist that can be imagined. Even before the repulse of Banks on Red River she began to insist—inflicting that opinion upon the Doctor like a scourge—that we are whipped.

"We are whipped, Doctor Warner, whipped! and you know it as well as I, only you are too great a coward to say so. Sitting among people who are bragging about our success and all that stuff; going about with those old saddle-bags over your arm, never daring to contradict even that old fool of a Doctor Ginnis!"

The repulse of Banks quieted but did not wholly silence Mrs. Warner. If it did, the fall of Atlanta, of the Mobile forts, the re-election of Lincoln, and the capture of Savannah seized this Cassandra up again as in a Delphic blast. Poor Doctor Warner!

"We are whipped, Doctor Warner, whipped, whipped!" She insists upon it, as if perpetually contradicted by her husband therein—breakfast, dinner, supper, and upon their nuptial couch the Doctor goes to sleep almost every night to the same reiterated assertion.

So that when he ventures, the morning after Dr. Peel has electrified good Mr. Ellis with the Fort Fisher news, to read to his wife at breakfast the official tidings of the repulse of Butler from that outwork, Mrs. Warner justly regards it as a personal insult.

"It's all a lie, Doctor Warner, and you know it. You only read it to me to contradict me. Repulsed! and a man of your sense! I tell you we are whipped, whipped! and if you had half an idea of your own, or half a tongue to speak out like any other man what you really think, you would know it and say it. I've no patience with you! Even that meek, poor-spirited Mrs. Ret Roberts had energy enough to tell me so, almost in so many words, when I was there last. They do say that brute of a Roberts treats her with cruelest unkindness. I'd like to see any man try that with me. Dare not go to hear Mr. Arthur, her own minister, preach these ever so many years; afraid of her husband, poor thing! Her very boy, with his bold eyes, growing up just like his father. Yes, whipped—if you only had sense to know it!"

So that when, not three weeks afterward, Dr. Warner reads to her, over his forgotten coffee and cold steak, the news, which has burst upon Somerville, almost deranging Mr. Ellis and extorting terrific blasphemy from Dr. Peel, that Fort Fisher has been captured, suddenly, unexpectedly captured, when we in Somerville did not even know that another attack upon it was in contemplation—when the Doctor reads the news in a cheerful tone to his wife what is his reward?

"And now, Dr. Warner, from this time out, I do hope you will hold your tongue. There you sat not one week ago, arguing, disputing that we were *not* whipped, reading all sorts of ridiculous stories about the Federals being repulsed! Can you look me straight in the eyes and tell me I didn't tell you it was a lie? You know you can't. You tire my very life out with your eternal contradiction. It's enough I take one view of a thing, it's the signal for you to take the other. I tell you, once for all, we are whipped; if you persist in saying we are not, I solemnly declare, if 'Ria and Bub were not here at table—be-*have* yourself, 'Ria—I could box your ears with my own hands. There's that man Neely; you know he was goose enough to buy up confiscated property right and left. The fact is, he got his hands so full of Confederate money with his swindling contracts he couldn't get rid of it any way. Well, Mrs. Ginnis herself told me yesterday that Dr. Peel had told her that Neely was moving heaven and earth to trade off all his property of that kind. He don't care what for so he can trade it off. As if he could find any body fool enough to take him up! That old Staples, too, they tell me he was a tailor once; any body who ever saw him walking up the street could tell that by the twist in his legs, his hair sticking out in every direction—they tell me *he's* making desperate efforts to do the same thing. All the rest of them, if the truth was known. You may thank me you didn't buy any. Of course you won't remember it, you never do any thing I say; but if I said to you once, don't touch confiscated property, I told you so ten thousand times. And there's that Brother Barker, too, as they call him. The man looks as if he had seen a ghost. Not that he doesn't richly deserve it; but the way his own members treat that poor creature is shameful. But you ought to see Dr. Ginnis; you know how he swells up sometimes; the man looks—I noticed him close when I was there yesterday—flabby. Always so full of talk too; and yesterday—you know I spent the day there—he didn't have one word to say. But I did. I ain't afraid if you are. I told them we were whipped, whipped! They said Barker and all their other preachers are urging it as a reason why the South should hold out, that, if the Confederacy is whipped, it is all over with their denomination—a blessed riddance I thought, though I didn't say so. The only thing Dr. Ginnis could say was some stuff about peace negotiations going on, as if—What is that you say? Rumored that the Confederacy has been recognized by France, England, and Spain? Stuff! You may be fool enough to believe it, I am not. If we are doing so well as you say, why ain't our money worth more—heh? There was that Bob Withers—Mr. Ginnis told me about it yesterday—went and tacked up a fifty-dollar new issue note on the wall of his office, just to see, he said, if any body would steal it—stealing as they are every thing else. Left it there all night. What do you think? Next morning he finds it there still, and a one-hundred-dollar bill stuck up beside it by somebody else. Oh, hold your tongue, Dr. Warner, I tell you we are whipped! That a man of your sense—"

Ye sparkling stars! Let us run.

Dr. Warner did. At least, did not run, he is altogether too fat for that, walked away in a disheveled condition of hair and attire; but he has the appearance of being blown about rather by gales genial, though violent, than by wintry blasts. And he meets upon the streets this bracing February morning of sixty-five—who does he not meet in fact?—old Mr. Adams, who hooks his long finger into the Doctor's button-hole to tell him that he is sending a wagon with "a few things"—at least a hundred dollars' worth, by-the-by—up to help Silas Jewett's family, which Mr. Adams has had a hint are in a needy condition. Mrs. Jewett is sick, perhaps Dr. Warner will make out a little bill of such medicines to go in the wagon, as he, Dr. W., may think acceptable. Which the Doctor gladly promises to do, laughing off the earnest offer on the part of thin old Mr. Adams to pay for the same. Fact is, among the Union folks just now each lip is quivering so with Hail Columbia, each heart is so much a Star-Spangled Banner struggling so to unfold itself, that a man jumps at any way of showing his feelings.

He is still engaged with old Mr. Adams when Mrs. Smithers passes them, tall, red, savage, and cuts them both down with her eyes in passing as with a tomahawk—tut-traitors! But the Doctor happens next upon Bob Withers and Captain Simmons, Dr. Ginnis joining them while they stop to chat. Friendly? The most touching affection has sprung up toward Dr. Warner. In fact no Union man can appear on the streets now but some old Secession acquaintance is sure to stop him with a "Why, how *are* you?" and a cordial shake of the hand, as if they were friends long parted, which in a sense is nothing but the fact.

Even grim Mr. Ferguson, having posted his Scrap-book up to date, is on the streets. Mr. Arthur, himself respectfully greeted on all sides these days, can not but smile when he sees Joe Staples suddenly recognize the Scotchman with pleased surprise, and, with hands years ago solemnly dedicated by Joe to the hanging of Mr. Ferguson, actually but respectfully seize upon that individual and draw him persuasively aside to "have a little talk." A talk in which Joe takes occasion to bewail the infatuation of Dr. Ginnis, Barker, Lamum, Wright, and others in the past, and to thank his stars that though "a man in my position would not dare openly and violently to oppose them, you know, Sir, I all along regretted their folly, and kept off from the whole thing just as much as I possibly could. And now, Mr. Ferguson, if any man in Somerville, as I have said a thousand times, has hard sense, you have, when do you think this thing is going to end? in confidence, now?"

Truth is, as the scale goes down with the one side it ascends with the other. The joy of the hour thrills every Union heart in Somerville, irradiating even the cellar of Alf Morgan. If things improve at the present rate it will require more vigor than little Mrs. Budd possesses to keep Alf much longer in bounds. Do what she can, he *will* hum Hail Columbia and whistle Yankee Doodle at his subterranean shoe-making. The foolish fellow actually has a Union flag down there "to feel of," he says, for it is too dark in his hole to see it.

Mr. Arthur can not refrain from going up into Mr. Ferguson's room to have a laugh over matters; for we Union people in Somerville feel a deal more like laughing these days than we used to do. More roses in Mrs. Budd's cheeks now than for years past, as Jem says.

"Every Union man tells me the same," Mr. Arthur says, "and I know it is true of myself. People that haven't spoken to you for years, people that have cursed you, people that have been scarce restrained by the Hand that withheld Saul from the murder of David from killing you, will now hardly let you get along the streets for greetings. You notice how it is at Sunday-school and church, how they are sending back their children and coming back themselves? Others, I dare say, if shame would let them. Not Mr. Ellis though—he is grummer, gruffer, more distant than ever. I don't know how many who voted against Secession, but went into it and became the most bitter, have taken occasion to remind me, and every body else, I suppose, of their original ground; though once they bewailed having voted for the Union as the greatest of their shortcomings."

"It is only because the frogs, lice, flies, murrain, boils, hail, locusts, thick darkness have come upon them, as upon the Egyptians," says the stony Scotchman. "You know as well as I in each interval of disaster these people are as infatuated as ever. I would not be surprised if the hand of God is lifted from them yet again, with the same result. Perhaps when the last plague, the very death of the first-born, has befallen, even Ellis and his like may be convinced. I never thought that under the New Testament Dispensation—so deep into it too—in such a Christian land as this also—there could be such a revival of the Mosaic Dispensation, as it were. I tell you, Mr. Arthur," continued the Scotchman solemnly, "when I consider the awful judgments of Jehovah—the same God who sent the Deluge, who destroyed the Cities of the Plain, who slew the Canaanites, who dealt so terribly with the Hebrews, upon this land during this fearful war—I tremble while I adore. Even though He be merciful in Jesus Christ, He is a just God still. This is the new dispensation, I know; but His most terrible manifestation of wrath against sin is yet to be made—the destruction of this globe by fire. The Pope and the Turk are to fall in sixty-six, are they? The Apostle says there are many Antichrists; who knows what awful times may be in reserve for England, and Scotland even, to say nothing of other parts of the world, for who of you here had before supposed that Slavery was an Antichrist which had to go down in fire and blood and earthquake, as well as the Pope?

"Hold on a moment!" Mr. Ferguson adds, to his friend, at last rising to leave. "I want to prove to you that the universal insubordination all through the Confederacy, which all the papers are bewailing so, is an inevitable fruit of the very principle of Secession. It struck so effective a blow at the very idea of Law, Order, Government, as to kill that vital thing even for their own use. Besides, I want to show you from my Scrap-book that no two men South, however devoted to Secession, can agree on any one thing under Secession. Truth, you observe, is one; while Falsehood is as millionfold as the shifting clouds. So sure as one man advances his opinions upon foreign intervention, employment of negroes in the army—whatever it is, another is sure to start up and vehemently dispute it. It is like the contentions of infidels—"

But if Mr. Arthur can listen to such treason we can not.

"RING DOWN THE DROP, I CAN NOT PLAY."

[A painful scene recently occurred at the Terre Haute (Ind.) Theatre. Mr. M'Kean Buchanan and daughter were announced to appear in "Hamlet;" but Mrs. Buchanan was at that time lying dangerously ill with neuralgia of the heart, and it was stated to the audience that the young lady consequently could not appear. The audience, however, desired the play to proceed, omitting the part of Ophelia; but when Mr. Buchanan appeared and commenced the soliloquy—"To be or not to be," he had not proceeded half a dozen lines when his feelings overcame him, and, falling into a chair, he exclaimed: "My wife is dying. Take your money. Ring down the drop, I can not play." Mrs. Buchanan was dead before he reached the hotel.]

OH! painted gauds and mimic scenes,
And pompous trick that nothing means!
Oh! glaring light and shouting crowd,
And love-words in derision vowed!
Oh! crowned king with starving eyes,
And dying swain who never dies!
Oh! hollow show and empty heart,
Great ministers of tragic art!

"There's that within which passeth show:"
The days they come, the days they go.
We live two lives, on either page—
The one upon the painted stage,
With all the world to hear and gaze,
And comment on each changing phase;
The other, that sad life within,
Where love may purify a sin.

Ring up the drop, the play is on;
Our hour of entrance comes anon.
Choke down the yearnings of the soul;
Weak doting fool, art thou the whole?
The stage is waiting, take thy part;
Forget to-night thou hast a heart;
Let sunshine break the gathering cloud,
And smile thou on the waiting crowd.

Hear how their plaudits fill the scene.
Is not thy greedy ear full keen?
Is not a thousand shouts a balm
For all thy throbbing heart's alarm?
"To be or not to be"—the screed
Is listened to with breathless heed.
Oh! painter with a painted mask,
Is thy brain wandering from thy task?

Can it be true that scores of years
Do not suffice to murder tears?
Can it be true that all of art
Has failed to teach the human heart?
Can gauds, and tricks, and shout, and glare,
The deafening drum, the trumpet's blare,
With all their wild, delirious din
Not stifle this sad life within?

Pah! man, the eager people wait,
Go on with all thy studied prate.
Shall you not feed their longing eyes
Because—because a woman dies?
What cares the crowd for dying wives,
For broken hearts, or blasted lives!
They paid their money, and—they say,
Living or dead—on with the play.

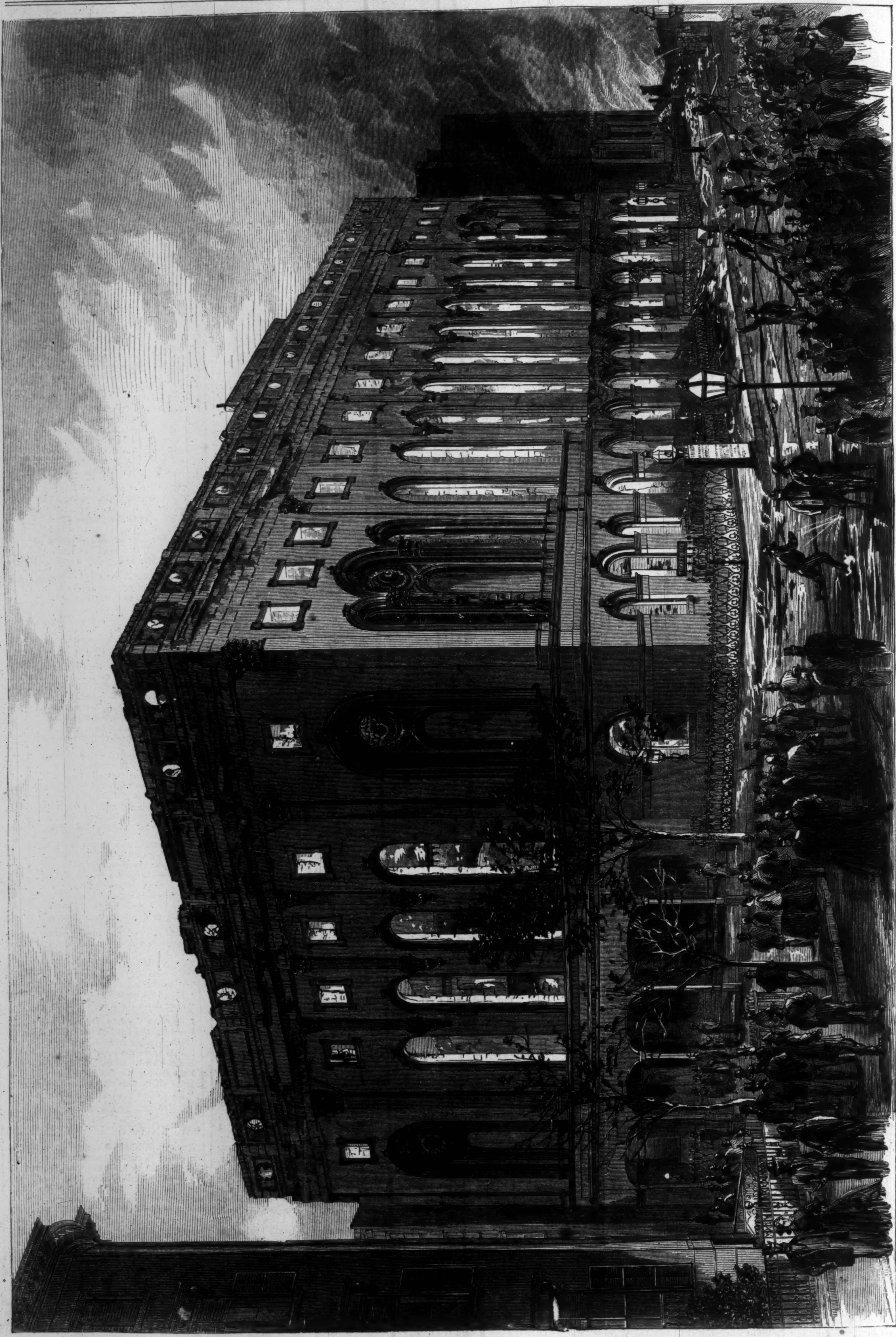
What! staggering man, why, where's your art?
That stare was good; that tragic start
Would make your fortune, were it not
That it rebukes the author's plot.
"My wife is dying!" he ne'er wrote
The words that struggle in thy throat.
"Take back your money," did you say?
"Ring down the drop, I can not play."

Ring down the drop, the act is o'er;
Her bark has touched the golden shore.
While, reading from life's inner page,
Stands there the actor of the stage;
But not upon the cold, white corse
Falls there a word of sad remorse
From all that crowd who heard him say,
"Ring down the drop, I can not play."

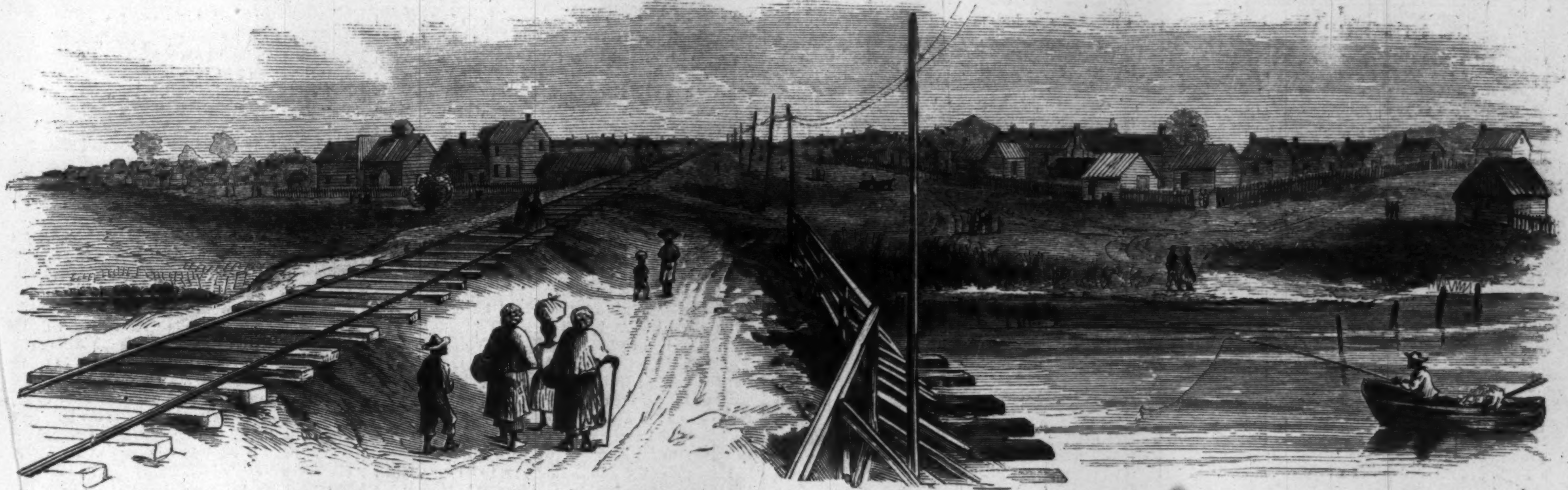
"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

THIS graphic and lifelike sketch, from which the illustration on our first page is reproduced, was originally painted by J. G. BROWN, Esq., whose painting of "The Little Queen of the Woods" we illustrated last week. For the photographs from which we engraved both these spirited pictures we are indebted to Messrs. GELLATLY & LECKY, 835 Broadway, who have published these and many other interesting photographs illustrating especially works of art.

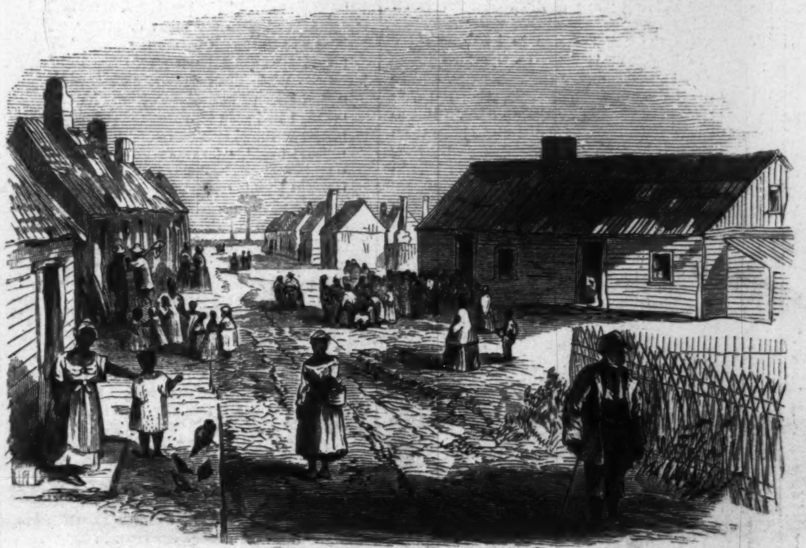
Mr. BROWN, after conceiving the design of this painting and wishing to paint the picture from life, advertised in the New York *Herald* for "two ragged boot-blacks" with their boot-blacking apparatus, offering them $2 each per day for their attendance at his studio in Broadway. On the morning when this advertisement appeared Mr. BROWN, upon arriving at his studio, found the street lined with a procession of boot-blacks, all of whom had read the New York *Herald* before breakfast and promptly responded to his advertisement.



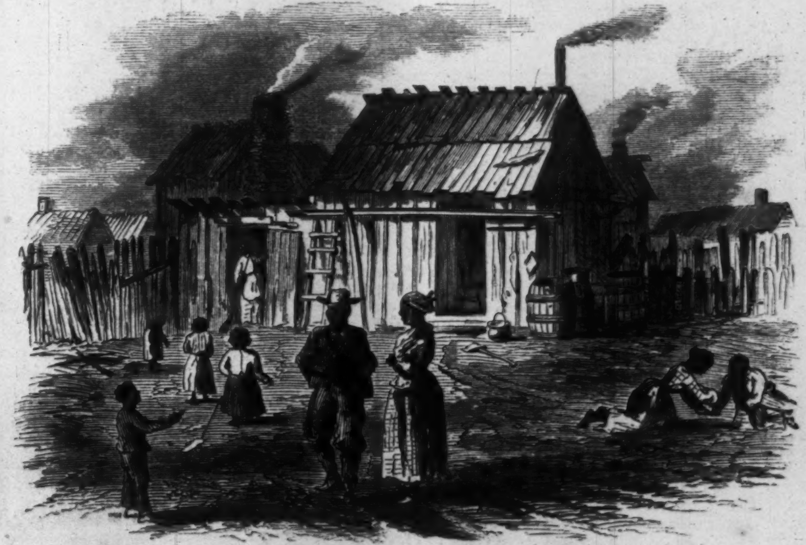
BURNING OF THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 21, 1866.—Photographed by Rockwood & Co., New York.—[See Page 366.]



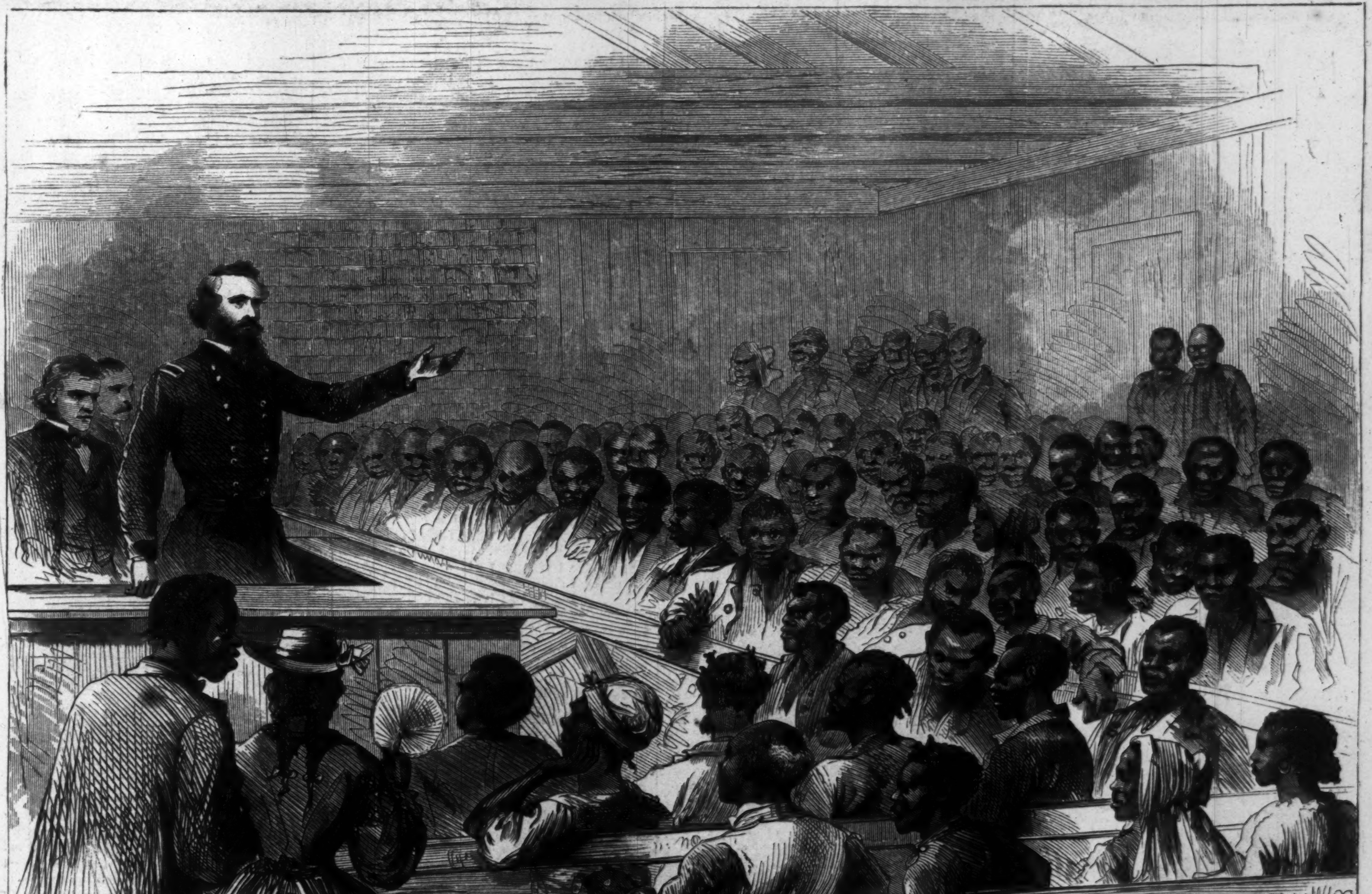
TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT, OPPOSITE NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CHAPEL AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



NEGRO HUTS AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.



GENERALS STEEDMAN AND FULLERTON CONFERRING WITH THE FREEDMEN IN THEIR CHURCH AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

THE OLD CRADLE.

AND this was your Cradle? why, surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were a delightfully small Pic-a-ninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flowed in a much-troubled channel;
I see you as then in your impotent strife,
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplexed with that newly-found fardel called Life.

To hint at an infantine frailty is scandal;
Let by-gones be by-gones—and somebody knows
It was bliss such a Baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—so rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your Cradle, and Hope, a bright spirit,
With Love now is watching beside it, I know:
They guard the small nest you yourself did inherit
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future—Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus wags this old world, therefore stay not to ask—
"My future bids fair, is my future beguiling?"
If masked, still it pleases—then raise not the mask.

Is life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
Though blossoms of promise are lost in the rose,
I still see the face of my small Pic-a-ninny
Unchanged, for these cheeks are as blooming as those.

Ay, here is your Cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But, hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,
It is time Jenny's baby should be in its bed.

BETSEY'S BONNET.

"WELL, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home, I suppose: trading all done, crops all bargained for, eh?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain country farmer in a suit of homespun gray.

"Wa'al, no, not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsey a bunnit; a real nice one; just as good a one as a Yorker might want. 'Cause Betsey's worked awful hard this spring. Times are good too. So I guess we'll see if my Betsey sha'n't look as good as any body. S'pose you don't want to go along with me, do you?"

"Let me see—four o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you won't mind that. Come on."

So they walked off up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at home were wont to lie in solemn state in the spare room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carefulness. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blonde mustache and setting of close brown curls—to the bronzed and beardless one, with the few locks, spare and gray, beneath the well-brushed hat; but the clear blue eye was the same in both, and like those that were closed forever under the sod by the apple-orchard on Uncle Abel's farm, where his dead sister was laid when John was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman. In spite of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand his heart was true and leal to the good friend of his boyhood, and the inquiring glances of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madame Rozette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and straightway engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the prettiest face among the girls in attendance. Josie Mollett, radiant with smiles and—and I think a little artificial bloom, came forward with her most bewitching glances to wait upon the old farmer who brought so attractive a person with him; and, fancying that she would show her superior ability by so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel unmercifully. Poor old man! He never was so miserable in his life. In Hoptown he would have had no trouble whatever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have told him at once what to get, and her little gray eyes would not have confused him in the least.

But here was a fine lady with a great circumference of black silk trailing out along the carpet, a waist no bigger than a wasp, a head on which the hair seemed struggling in crimps and curls to get away from shining bands strapped tightly around it, and a pair of great black eyes looking straight at him. While the damsel held up one style after another, or tied them on coquettishly, Uncle Abel looked at John imploringly, but derived no help from him.

"Now, young woman, show me some of your best bonnets—real good ones. None of your old-fashioned poor things for my wife."

Having said this Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly and should have no farther trouble.

Miss Josie sailed about and returned with a white chip gipsy trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin with a red rose on it, and a gray straw trimmed with scarlet poppies.

"Now this will be just what you want, I am sure; only twenty-five dollars too—so cheap and so becoming."

Uncle Abel confessed afterward that he felt quite confounded at the great price, but did not mean to let that Frenchified girl know it, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh? It ain't a bit like Betsey's old one though."

"Oh no, Sir, the fashion has changed entirely. Now this gipsy is just the newest thing out, and your wife would set the fashion in the town, I don't doubt."

She looked up at John Dare merrily, but could not interpret the look in his eyes; so, taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain:

"Just fresh from Paris; I am sure your wife would like that. Shall I try it on for you?"

"Wa'al yes, I can tell better how it looks then. Now it looks jest like a dish."

"There—it goes on in this way;" and Josie pitches the little thing over her rosy face, tied the strings in a big bow knot, and swept down the length of the room. "Don't you like it?"

"Wa'al, it's kind o' purty; but it's awful queer, ain't it, John?"

John thus appealed to could only answer that he "knew nothing in the world about women's bonnets;" and took up his reverie, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing themselves vastly at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale, quiet girl, with smooth brown hair looked up from her work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard her say, "For shame;" and grow crimson as she spoke.

His own face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking so admiringly at the fabrics incomprehensible to him, his old heart only full of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed; for as he said truly, he knew nothing about all that mysterious and bewildering arrangement of dress that he saw every day.

Still he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks, thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not for the life of him see whereabouts on that dear old head any of these gipsys or fanchons would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her movements, and that this operation resulted in a hard knob at the back of her head, like a door-handle, which certainly would not harmonize with these capeless head-dresses.

Just as his brow was overcast with this thought the pale girl came toward Uncle Abel, her cheek flushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Leghorn bonnet, trimmed quietly with violet ribbon.

She wore a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat held a lock of gray hair.

"I think that this might suit you, Sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions those bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head and neck."

"Wa'al now, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things that I don't know one from t'other. I want to get a nice bunnit for Betsey, and I mean to. Now jest tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see;" and he touched the sleeve of her black dress. "I—I—am so sorry!"

"The young girl brushed off a tear quickly as she said: "I have no mother now; but if you'll trust me, Sir, I think this will suit."

She had stood hitherto just out of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Something in the sound of her voice attracted him, perhaps, and when Uncle Abel called:

"Here, John Dare!" he stepped hastily enough toward them. The girl thrust the bonnet in Uncle Abel's hand, and would have been out of sight if her dress had not caught on one of the branching stands and held her fast.

"Amy!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand and so detained her. "Amy Egbert, have I found you at last?"

The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and the words she spoke came so low and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and, still holding the hat in his hand, looked open-mouthed from one to the other.

"I guess you must have knowed this young woman afore, didn't you?" he said; but John was too busy with eager questions, and Amy was trembling and flushing as she tried to speak calmly, and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between a new customer and the strange scene beside her, and between anger and mortification she looked in no need of help from rouge as she tossed her head and muttered various uncourteous remarks in regard to "that Amy Egbert and her beau."

Uncle Abel held the hat a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed and then he said:

"I'll take this bunnit. Twenty dollars is a good deal, but Betsey's worth it, ain't she, John?"

John need not have started so, or said "Very," which wasn't a sensible answer at all; but Uncle Abel laughed a little to himself, and said, softly: "Oh, boys will be boys!" He was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the direction over twice too, and felt quite uneasy lest it should not arrive at his hotel in time.

Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle, and looked as shy as a girl as he said, "It's all right, Uncle Abel. You've found a new bonnet, and I've found a—a—an old friend!"

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looked a moment, without speaking, in John's face, in a wistful way; then said, looking in the young man's eyes, "She's a motherless girl, John!"

"Uncle Abel!" and John turned angrily away, or would have done so if the detaining hand had not held him with a grasp which sixty years had not weakened. "Look here, my boy, I meant no offense. None of my blood turn villains," he added, proudly; "but you see she's young and purty and forlorn, and, maybe, if you see too much of her she might get to thinkin' more of you than would be good for her, and if you ain't in earnest I guess 'twould break her heart. Shake hands with your old uncle, my boy I meant no harm; but I promised 'Liza when she was on her dyin' bed that I would allus try to give you good advice, and the last words a'most that she spoke, says she, 'Abel, watch over my boy.'"

"My dear, kind uncle, I thank you—indeed I do—for all your kindness; but I could not bear to think that you should misjudge me. I knew Amy long ago, when her parents were both living, and she had all that wealth could give her. I loved her then in a quiet way, but I was too poor to tell her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her poverty and pride the girl hid herself from me resolutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by her accomplishments but failed, and gladly took this means to do so. Now, if I can win her for my wife, I shall bring Mrs. John Dare to see you some fine day this summer—may I, Uncle Abel?"

So they parted, and the passers-by little dreamed of all that hand-grasp spoke.

"Wa'al, wa'al, if things don't turn out queer!" soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward-bound, with a bandbox safely placed on the seat before him. "To think how near I come to gettin' one of them gipsys for Betsey. Why, she would have laughed a week about it. And then to think that painted picter of a girl was making game of me all the while. And then the other one, with her gentle way, taking the trouble to tell a stupid old fellow like me what was the right thing to buy. I guess she would make our John a nice wife; and after Betsey and me has passed away there'll be a nice bit of property comin' to John, and that'll help him on."

How pleased Aunt Betsey was, to be sure, when the old man gave her the new bonnet! How "fair and young" she looked in the fresh ribbons and soft blond around her face! And how she laughed at the idea of wearing "one of them dish-covers on her head!"

Just when the country was in its June glory John Dare brought his bride to the farm-house where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the old familiar spots, from the weir in the brook to the grave by the orchard. But as long as straw and ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought Betsey's bonnet.

A DASH INTO YORKSHIRE.

IF any body with ordinary powers of observation and description will go any where and relate what he sees and hears faithfully, he can scarcely fail to interest those who listen to him. It is when people write all out of their own heads that they are dull and incomprehensible. Human nature is always interesting to human nature. I feel confident, therefore, that I shall not bore the intelligent reader by relating faithfully what I saw, heard, and observed in my scamper through the county of York. If you put yourself in my place, which, being an imaginative reader, you will have no difficulty in doing, you will feel it quite a new sensation to be walking into a strange town with a little carpet-bag in your hand, but with no purpose in your mind, seeking adventures, and trusting to the chapter of accidents.

I can not tell how I came to entertain the notion that Leeds was rather an elegant sort of a town for a seat of commerce, but I approached Leeds with that impression. Perhaps it was owing to something that I had read in a geography-book at school, aided by a general idea that a seat of the woolen trade would naturally be soft. But the first glimpse I had of a forest of tall chimneys lifting their heads above a canopy of black smoke, was so strangely out of harmony with my ideal that I began to think I had got into the wrong carriage and been carried to Manchester. But no, it was Leeds. They didn't expect me, evidently; for there was no fly waiting to convey me in triumph through the town. Three flys were in attendance truly, but they were engaged beforehand; but there were none for chance travelers. I felt it to be entirely my own fault. I ought to have given the good people notice. I can not remember ever before this occasion emerging from a railway station with a carpet-bag in my hand without being surrounded by a mob of boys competing for the honor and profit of carrying my luggage. But here not a boy appeared. Not a single soul was on the look-out for any chance whatever. Good sign, I thought. All employed in the wool-trade. Plenty of work, good wages, no idle people. So I trudged along with my carpet-bag until it began to rain water, soot, powdered bricks, and grit, when I turned into the first hotel I came to. I went straight to the smoking-room to calm my feelings with a cigar. The room was full of smokers. They were mostly enormously big men, with large, long heads and high cheek-bones, and they all wore brown leggings and had whips. They were smoking long pipes—of a length to match themselves—in silence when I went in; but presently they began to talk. What is the matter with me? Have I relapsed? Has my comprehension left me? I do not understand a single word they say Ah, I see now; it is the dialect. Having had long experience of it on the stage I couldn't have believed that real Yorkshiremen would speak it so ill. I listened very attentively, but I could make nothing of the conversation. If they had only mentioned the word "yell," or said "dom it," I might have felt that I was in Yorkshire; but they never said any thing so intelligible, and I didn't feel that I was in Yorkshire. I spoke to my next neighbor in real Yorkshire, which I learned from a celebrated comedian, and the ignorant yokel did not understand a word I said. I observed too, with disappointment, that their hair was not flaxen, and didn't curl; and that not a man in the room slapped his waistcoat. One man had so far outraged his county and the well-known habits of his people as to come out without a waistcoat. And without a flaxen wig that curls all over his head, and a waistcoat to slap when he says "dom it," how can a man be a Yorkshireman?

I went in search of new adventures, and wandering about for some time among high, gaunt red-brick woolen warehouses—unrelieved by a single bright shop or cheerful dwelling—I met with an adventure. I was getting very depressed, and thinking of going back to London by the very next train, when I heard somebody cry "Hoy!" I turned round and saw a stout, sturdy, ruddy-faced gentleman standing at a green gate about twenty yards off. He cried "Hoy!" again, and seeing that the signal was intended for me I went toward him. He seized me by the hand, shook it heartily, and said he was glad to see me.

"How was I?"

I said I was quite well. How was he?

"First-rate."

"And how were all friends in London?"

I ventured to say that all friends in London were in a satisfactory condition.

"And now come in," he said; "dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

Now, the reader can believe me or not, just as he likes; but I can honestly assure him that I had never seen this gentleman before in my life; but in looking at him, and listening to his voice during the above brief colloquy I came to have a notion that I had known him for a long time, that he had been expecting me, and that I should find every thing prepared for my reception. Nothing occurred to dispel that notion, but every thing to confirm it. My host introduced me to his wife. She shook hands with me, and said she was glad to see me. Would I take a glass of wine after my long journey? If I wished to change my clothes, I would find my room—right-hand door on the first landing. The cloth was already laid, and it was laid for three.

"We expected you at two," the lady said; "but as you did not come, I put the dinner back."

"It was very kind of you, I'm sure," I said.

"Oh, not at all," she protested. "Would I take my pudding before my meat or after? Yorkshire fashion was to take it before the meat."

I said I would take it Yorkshire fashion, for I loved the Yorkshire fashions.

"Had I seen Polson lately?" my host asked.

"Yes, I had seen him last week."

"Still at the old shop, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "he was still at the old shop."

"And what was he doing. Still at the old game?"

"Yes," I said, "still at the old game."

And so the dinner passed pleasantly away. When we were sitting over our wine, my host said: "I have invited a few friends to meet you this evening. All people that you know. Marsh and his wife, Dawson and his wife, Partridge and his wife. Old Cockle is coming, too—you remember old Cockle, of course?"

I said that it was very kind of him, that I should be very glad to meet so many persons that I knew, and that I particularly remembered old Cockle. I firmly believed at the moment that I did know all these people, and when they came I recognized them all on the instant. Looking round the table, at the "tea fight" (which was a pleasant Yorkshire meal of tea, coffee, fish, roast fowls, and buttered cakes), every face that I saw was familiar to me, so was every voice I heard. Shutting my eyes I knew them all by their speech. I heard old Cockle incidentally mention that he had never been in London. Until this day I had never been in Leeds. Yet I knew old Cockle, and old Cockle knew me. This is not a story that begins with an indigestion and ends with that most unsatisfactory disillusive device, "a wild and troubled dream." It is a simple fact that I am relating. For two days I found myself in a strange town, which I had never visited before, in the midst of familiar faces and old friends, who entertained me hospitably, and paid me every attention. First, one old friend and then another old friend conducted me over the town to view the lions of Leeds. They are not many, and they are not imposing. They roar a good deal like sucking-doves. It is a dingy sombre town, marred by the work-house order of architecture and ugly-colored bricks. It struck me as strange that a town which produces such fine soft glossy cloth should be itself so rusty and threadbare. The town-hall is a magnificent building, perhaps the handsomest town-hall in the kingdom; but it is too fine for the town. It stands like an exquisite marble statue in the midst of a builder's lumber-yard. Briggate, the principal commercial street, is a sort of two-storied Tottenham-court-road. The woolen mills give you the wild idea of houses suffering from jaundice. All the goods sold in the shops seem to be soft goods. I wanted a penknife, and searched three streets in vain for a cutler's. I entered at last a shop that had a slight look of hardware, and when I asked for a penknife they tried to put me off with a woolen comforter. In the end the shop-boy was sent out to procure the article I wanted, and he was so long absent that I think he must have gone to Sheffield for it.

I was much struck with the paucity of public houses—good phrase that "paucity of public houses"—in Leeds. I congratulated my guide on the pleasing fact as being a testimony to the temperate habits of the people. I regret to say that he could not accept my congratulations. He let me into a secret. The public houses in Leeds are mostly situated up courts. There is no sign of them in the main streets; but if you go up the courts there you find them. And every street was pierced with these sly little courts, like rabbit-holes in a sand-bank.

The young ladies in Leeds are all in the fashion; but they overdo the thing a little. Their chignons are nearly as big as their heads, so that they appear when in the streets to have two heads, one with a hat and one without.

I found at a public office an old friend—whom I had never seen before in my life—who had made arrangements to conduct me over a woolen mill. One proprietor refused to admit me, having a strong suspicion that it was my design to take the pattern of his new machinery. Another made me welcome and showed me every thing. The history of a yard of doeskin would fill a volume, so I can not even attempt to summarize it. From the sheep's back to the final rolling of it up in a bale it goes through a score of elaborate processes, and changes its appearance every time. It is always going into a machine, or a tub, or a boiler, and coming out—like a comic entertainer—in a new form. It is torn to pieces by the "devil," and spun and twisted, and teasled, and boiled, and dyed, and pommeled, and shaved, and hot pressed, and I don't know what all. The adventures of a pair of sixteen-shilling trowsers would beat the exploits of the seven-leagued boots all to nothing.

A word as to shoddy. I thought it was a term of reproach, a thing to be ashamed of, a sly dodgement of the duffer. But Leeds is not ashamed of shoddy, it talks about it openly, uses it openly. What is shoddy?

I was not quite clear on this point before I went to Leeds, but I know all about it now, and will give others the benefit of my newly-acquired useful knowledge. Shoddy is old wool made as good as new. Every manufacturer keeps a devil, a ravenous beast with a fearful set of iron teeth, and an insatiable appetite for old coats and old trowsers, old any thing that is made of wool. Toss him an old garment and he will tear it to pieces in no time. The spun and woven threads are converted into wool again, and are worked up into new threads to be woven once more into a piece of cloth. Cloth so made—with a mixture of new wool—looks very well and wears very well. I defy you to tell which is shoddy cloth and which is not. We all wear shoddy without knowing it. For light wear shoddy cloth will serve every purpose; but it will not stand strain and exertion. You must not venture to practice gymnastics in a pair of shoddy trowsers. Here is the weakness of shoddy—the shortness of the staple. You know now—if you did not know before—why the old clothesman is so eager and anxious to buy any garment, however ragged, which is composed entirely of wool. The old suit goes to the mill and comes back to you in a new shape. Your trowsers to-day may be your waistcoat to-morrow. Such is the economy of modern trade.

The cloth-hall at Leeds is a huge shed, a quarter of a mile long; the area of which is divided into streets of stalls, at which, on market-days, the manufacturers exhibit specimens of their goods. It is a curious place, well worth seeing. Let me impart to the reader a secret I picked up here. How to tell if there is cotton in a piece of cloth. Take a small piece and tear it both ways, against the warp and against the woof. The wool in tearing makes a dull soft sound; the cotton rends with a crackling noise. Do this when your tailor swears "it is all wool," and see how foolish he will look when he hears the rattle of the cotton threads. The price of broadcloth ranges from a shilling a yard to twenty shillings! At wholesale prices you can get cloth enough to make a suit for five shillings.

Having seen Leeds at work, I was curious to see it at play. With this purpose I made the round of its night amusements. I went to a theatre. It was poorly attended, as it deserved to be; for though the house was large and capable of being made bright and attractive, it was in an inconceivably dirty state, and the performance on the stage was dreary in the last degree. When will provincial managers be brought to understand that people do not go to the theatre as a duty, but to be made cheerful and to be amused? Why should any one come away from any where to sit in this dingy den, and be witness to a performance which, in point of art and skill, is below the mark of the busker who executes a clog dance on the cellar-flap in the street?

I visited a music-hall. It had evidently been a floor-cloth factory, or something of that kind; but, with bright lights and a lively band of musicians, it was infinitely more cheerful than the theatre. This Leeds music-hall has its peculiarities. The people are admitted to the body of the building gratis, paying for their entertainment in the price of the beer they drink. The charge for admission to the galleries is sixpence, and there is a sort of pew at the end of the hall set apart for mothers with children in arms. The entertainment was of the usual character. Awkward young ladies in dingy evening costume, showing a lanky length of red arm, came on with pieces of music—of which they could not read a note—and sang sentimental ballads in shrill notes, which set your teeth on edge. Then the all-pervading irrepressible comic man, with the brimless hat and the long-tailed coat, treated us to Slap-bang and Kafoozlum and Umdoodle-day, and always when he failed to make an effect, knocked his hat over his eyes, and by that triumphant stroke of humor invariably brought down the house. It was not exactly an elevating entertainment; but it admitted of great variety, and the audience seemed amused. It was at least a lively place, and well ordered of its kind, which the theatre was not.

In the course of three hours I pretty well exhausted the night's entertainments of Leeds. They included an organ performance at the town-hall, a concert, and a reading at the Mechanics' Institution.

They are a musical people in Leeds. From almost every court leading to the public houses tuneful voices reached the street, and in some of the houses fiddles were going. In the bar of a little beer-shop, which I was curious enough to visit, I found a handsome piano jammed up against the beer engine, and a man playing it for the delectation of half a dozen yokels, who were drinking their beer at the counter. It was a mean, shabby little beer shop; but the piano was in a fine rosewood case, and the performer played remarkably well. There was nothing to pay for the music. I had half a pint and a grand fantasia for twopence. Nay, more: a gentleman at the bar did a little double-shuffle for the entertainment of the customers generally. It seemed to me that the piano was a pleasant mitigation of the mere drinking and getting drunk purposes of the ordinary public-house bar; and I have observed that where music, singing, dancing, and other amusements are dispensed with liquor, they have the effect of keeping people sober.

My kind host offered, if I would step over to Wakefield with him, to show me a curiosity; the said curiosity being the whole of the original manuscript of the Pickwick Papers, which, I was assured, is in the possession of a printer there. I was informed, too, that a Yorkshire schoolmaster advertises himself as the proprietor of the real original Dotheboys' Hall, which is now conducted on principles of the most boundless liberality. My new old friend in Leeds—whose hearty hospitality and kindness I shall never forget—pressed me to stay a day or two longer; but as I was cured of my vacuity, I was anxious—selfish person that I am—to get back to town. I took Hull in my way, though it was a good deal out of my way, and took a glance at the lions there. I had shared in the impression, which, I believe, is the popular one, that Hull was in the last degree a dull, smoky, dreary town. I had heard it associated with another place whose name begins with H and ends with two l's. But I found that Hull had been much belied and shamefully traduced. The Humber, if it were not normally of the color of pea-soup, is as fine a river as any in the kingdom. As to the town, I prefer it to Leeds. The bricks are of a better color, the streets are busy and bustling, and the surrounding country is really charming. Hull has a statue, a marvelous statue. It is situated in the market-street, in the midst of oyster-stalls and fish-barrows, and it represents William III. on horseback; William and the horse being both gilt all over. The golden man and horse have a curious effect prancing among the trucks and booths. And here, for the first time in Yorkshire, I was gratified by hearing somebody say "dom'd." I asked a native why Hull had erected a statue to William III.; and he said he was "dom'd if he knew." I believe William did Hull the honor of landing on its shores, when he was obliging enough to come over from Holland to govern England. It was there that first he showed his lampblack face.

Hull is maritime, and has docks, and ships, and sailors, and is all the more lively in consequence. It has two theatres, a circus, and several music-halls. One of the theatres (the Royal) is an example of what may be done, even in the provinces, by enterprise and liberal management. It is a handsome, roomy building, elegantly decorated and luxuriously furnished, and the pieces are dressed and mounted in first-rate style. The result is, that the better classes go to the stalls and boxes, and that the local shareholders find their account in a well-filled treasury. Hull, too, has a pretty park, with pleasant walks, and flower-beds, and ornamental waters; and the roads leading to the country are studded with bright little villas, where you may hold house comfortably and elegantly for thirty pounds a year. So never believe any one who says that there is only the difference of a letter between Hull and the infernal regions.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT this season of the year, when "lovely June" is ushering summer in, a great "hue and cry" is raised about "going into the country." What does it matter though June is often one of the most charming months of all the twelve in the city? Or what does it avail though one has a commodious, airy house here, and country boarding-places are crowded and ridiculously expensive? It is *fashionable* to go into the country; and papa must bestir himself and secure some spot where the entire family may enjoy the *éclat* of being "out of town" during the "season." This is frequently all they do enjoy. Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, and the super-fashionable resorts are, in the "season," over-crowded, even if it were prudent for every paterfamilias whose household longs for country air to trust himself within the clutches of extortionate hotel-keepers. So some more quiet retreat is often sought in the suburbs of New York, on the banks of the Hudson, or even away in Vermont or New Hampshire. But, alas! not unfrequently they soon believe that the merchant was about right, who said to his young wife when she begged him to take her into the country for the season:

"My dear, it is quite impossible at present; but I'll tell you what we *will* do, and we shall never know the difference."

"What is that?" asked the wife, eagerly.

"We will turn off the gas and the Croton and move our bed up into the attic!"

Though it is worse than folly to abandon comfortable homes for mere *fashion's sake*, nevertheless the real, genuine *country* is a grand thing for every body to enjoy whenever they can consistently. Especially for the children; it would be better for them, physically, to be in the country all the time. The freedom of outdoor life is blood, bone, and muscle to them. If half of our pale city boys should hide their school-books in a dark closet, and spend an entire year in "roughing it" on a good farm, the world would be the gainer, years hence, in young men of mental strength and vigor.

For every one change, to a certain extent, is beneficial, and the denizens of the city naturally seek it in the country. And that is just as it should be. The thing that is bad is the panic which annually seizes people on the approach of the summer solstice to flee the city—any where, any where—provided it bear the magic *name* of country, though wanting the reality. Our magnificent Central Park opens to those who remain in town numerous sources of enjoyment, with plenty of fresh air and delightful scenery, which one may luxuriate in without any fear of a *bill* being presented to him on leaving—unless, by chance, he passes by the *Aviary!*

The recent discussion between the Allopathic and Homeopathic physicians in regard to the treatment of the cholera brought to mind a recipe we saw long ago, which may be useful to our readers. We give it from memory:

HOMEOPATHIC BROTH.—Take a spring chicken, and let it be rather skinny. Dress it nicely, and hang it in the sun. Let the shadow fall on a kettle of water, and boil four hours. When it is done, take one table-spoonful and mix in a quart of pure spring water. (Filtered Croton will answer very well.) Ten drops of this mixture, taken in half a wine-glass of warm water, at intervals of three hours, will be found very nourishing. If the patient strictly adheres to this diet the services of a nurse can soon be dispensed with.

By way of contrast, we are reminded of a good lady of the Allopathic persuasion, whose minister came to condole with her after the death of her child.

"My friend," he began, "I am sorry to hear that you have lost your baby."

"Yes, Sir," replied the mother, "we did every thing to save it, but in vain. We had five doctors, and they gave it castor-oil, and rhubarb, and senna; and when that didn't do any good, they gave it ipecacuanha and calomel; and then they put a mustard paste on the stomach and chest, and a blister on the back and side, and applied leeches to the head. But it was of no use; the poor little thing died after all!"

Suffering often leads to crime—far more frequently even in our very midst than those imagine who never know what it is to want for bread. Not long since a very respectably-dressed young man was brought before the Court of Special Sessions on the accusation of stealing a book from the Astor Library. The prisoner pleaded guilty; and stated—and there was every reason to believe what he said to be true—that he had received a liberal education, and had come to the city to look for a situation; he had spent all his money; had been two days without food, and had walked the streets for two nights. In the morning he thought he would steal a book, sell it, and get something to eat, but he resisted the temptation. He looked over the morning papers, went out again in quest of a situation, and found one as clerk in a grocery store, but he was not to commence work until the next day. This, he said, was a long time for a man to wait who had walked the streets two days and two nights; and as he concluded his story he burst into tears, and said, "The gnawing at my heart made me steal." Measures were taken by the judge to ascertain if these statements were true. And it is to be hoped that before this time the young man has been put in the way of earning an honest living.

An Eastern paper gives the following suggestions in regard to the cholera:

"Don't get it on the brain, and, to this end, avoid reading the daily papers. Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above-ground in all your dwellings, and above-board in all your dealings. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you."

Country newspapers, by-the-way, seem to be under the impression that the Asiatic cholera has broken out in spots all over New York city, and that the entire populace is in imminent danger. Some of those above-mentioned journals remind one of the little boy who came running into the house just at dusk, one evening, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, there are a *hundred cats* out in our yard!" "A hundred cats! Oh no, my dear," returned mamma. "Well, I am sure there are as many as *fifty*." "Oh no, you are very much mistaken." "Well, any way," persisted the boy, impatiently, "there is *our cat* and *another cat*."

The health of New York city is reported to be unusually good—the month of May was unusually cool—and the city is unusually clean.

The New York *Observer* says:

"When you write for a newspaper write all your words in full as you wish them printed. This has been said a thousand times, but not one man in ten observes the rule. All our best writers do observe it. In this paper we print an article in which the writer abbreviated the word 'government' into 'govt,' and the printers made it *gout*, so that 'the power of the government' was changed into 'the power of the gout.' Dot the letter *i* and cross the letter *t*, and try to spell correctly. If you can not comply with these rules after you have written your article put it in the fire."

We would add to these directions; *write legibly*, and on *one side* only of the paper. If you do not write a plain hand employ an amanuensis. Nothing is more vexatious to an editor than to strain his eyes and puzzle his brain in deciphering hieroglyphics. No manuscript which is written illegibly stands much chance of being regarded favorably. An editor feels inclined to reject it before he has mastered the first half page.

Colored starch, says a London paper, is the latest and greatest novelty of the season. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely colored; but as it washes out, the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterward. It is intended especially for those bright but treacherously-colored muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White antimacassars or lace curtains may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety afforded.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HARD ON TRINITY.—One day during the late Anniversary Week a witty friend of ours, passing beneath the shadow of the well-known ecclesiastical structure that graces the neighborhood of Broadway and Tenth Street, was accosted by a prim-looking country gent, evidently of the clerical persuasion, who inquired the distance to Wall Street. "Wall Street?" echoed our friend, looking the questioner in the face, and instantly comprehending the situation; "just as far, Sir, as Trinity Church is from *Grace*." The effect on the stranger, who appeared to take the answer in a spiritual sense, can better be imagined than described.

The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

A FREE TRANSLATION.—Victor Hugo, in his new book, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," mentions a Scotch instrument of torture called "le bugpipe." What a dreadful name to give it, to be sure! Imagine a Scotch gentleman sitting in his buggy and playing on his bug-pipe! Perhaps some foreign writer next may make us think of fleas by a mention of "le hoppy cleide."

A DARK CONUNDRUM.—"Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world?"—"Because dey nose ebery ting."

Question.

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite sly,
Can better descry,
Than you or I,
On how many toes
A pussy-cat goes?

Answer.

The eye of deceit
Can best counterfeit
(count her feet),
And so I suppose
Can best count her toes.

"The post-office in our village," writes a Vermont lady, "was kept in the bar-room of the tavern, a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and infidelity than his good manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of boon-companions, when the Methodist preacher, a new-comer, entered, and asked for his letters. Ned Swipes asked, bluntly: 'Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?' 'I am,' pleasantly replied the minister. 'Well,' said Swipes, 'will you tell me how old the devil is?' 'Keep your own family record,' replied the preacher, and left the room amidst the roars of the company."

A CONJUGAL CONUNDRUM.

Which is of greater value, pr'ythee say,
The bride or bridegroom? Must the truth be told?
Alas! it must. The bride is given away;
The bridegroom's often regularly sold.

Two men fired at an eagle at the same time, and killed him. An Irishman observed: "They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him."

NE SUTOR.—A lady writes to ask us whether her husband, who is by profession a cobbler, is justified in sitting up all night in the exercise of his vocation. He can, at all events, put in a proverbially philosophical plea—that it is never too late to mend.

Said an old toper to his comrade the other day: "If one *swallow* make a summer, what a tropical region would your stomach be, old fellow!"

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE.—Jollyboy, who has been rather knocked out of time by too much gayety and conviviality, has been entirely cured by a course of stay-at-home-œopathy.

"Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?" "I dunno, but I gueth they dried themselves."

"ANOTHER WAY."

When lovely woman, Lump of Folly,
Would show the world her vainest trait;
Would treat herself as child her dolly,
And warns each man of sense away.
The surest method she'll discover
To prompt a wink from every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye.

"Will you have some catsup?" asked a gentleman of Aunt Priscilla at a dinner-table. "Dear me, no!" she replied, with a shudder; "I'm fond of cats in their places, but I should as soon think of eating dog soup!" The gentleman did not urge her.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—A FRAGMENT.

"I am
A married lady of thirty-odd."
Every evening I see in their beds
A "baker's dozen" of curly heads.
Every morning my slumbers greet
The patter patter of twenty-six feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter,
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread and butter,
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long,
Thirteen little hands, with doing something wrong,
Till I fain am to do,
With an energy, too.
And when my poor husband comes home from his work,
Tired and hungry, and fierce as a Turk,
What do you think is the picture he sees?
A legion of babies, all in a breeze—
Johnny is crying,
And Lucy a sighing,
And worn-out mamma, with her hair all a flying;
Strong and angry William beating little Nelly;
Charley in the pantry eating currant jelly;
Richard strutting round in papa's Sunday coat;
Harry at the glass, with a razor at his throat;
Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy shuts the door,
Mitigates their aching with a forty-pound roar;
Baby at the coal-hod hurries to begin,
Throwing in his mite to the universal din.
Alas! my lord and master, being rather weak of nerve, he
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning topsy-turvy,
And then the frightened little ones all fly to me for shelter,
And so the drama closes 'mid a general helter-skelter.
I'll give you my name, lest you find me a myth;
Yours, very respectfully, Mrs. John Smith.

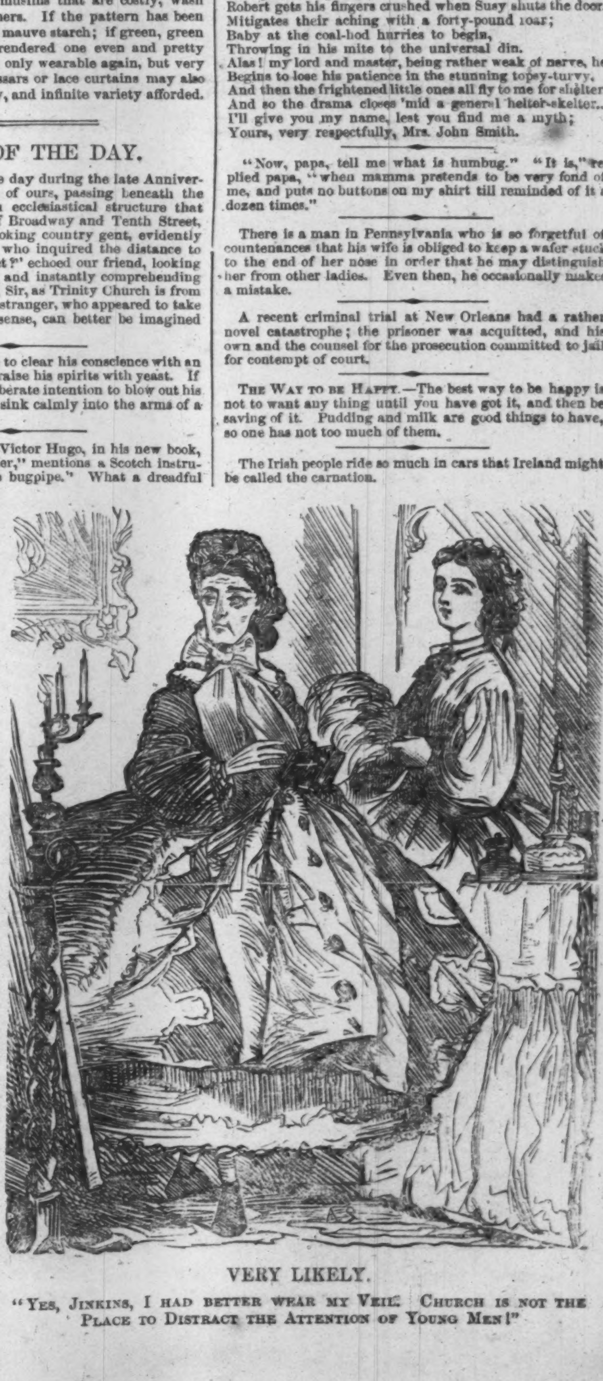
"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug." "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times."

There is a man in Pennsylvania who is so forgetful of countenances that his wife is obliged to keep a wafer stuck to the end of her nose in order that he may distinguish her from other ladies. Even then, he occasionally makes a mistake.

A recent criminal trial at New Orleans had a rather novel catastrophe; the prisoner was acquitted, and his own and the counsel for the prosecution committed to jail for contempt of court.

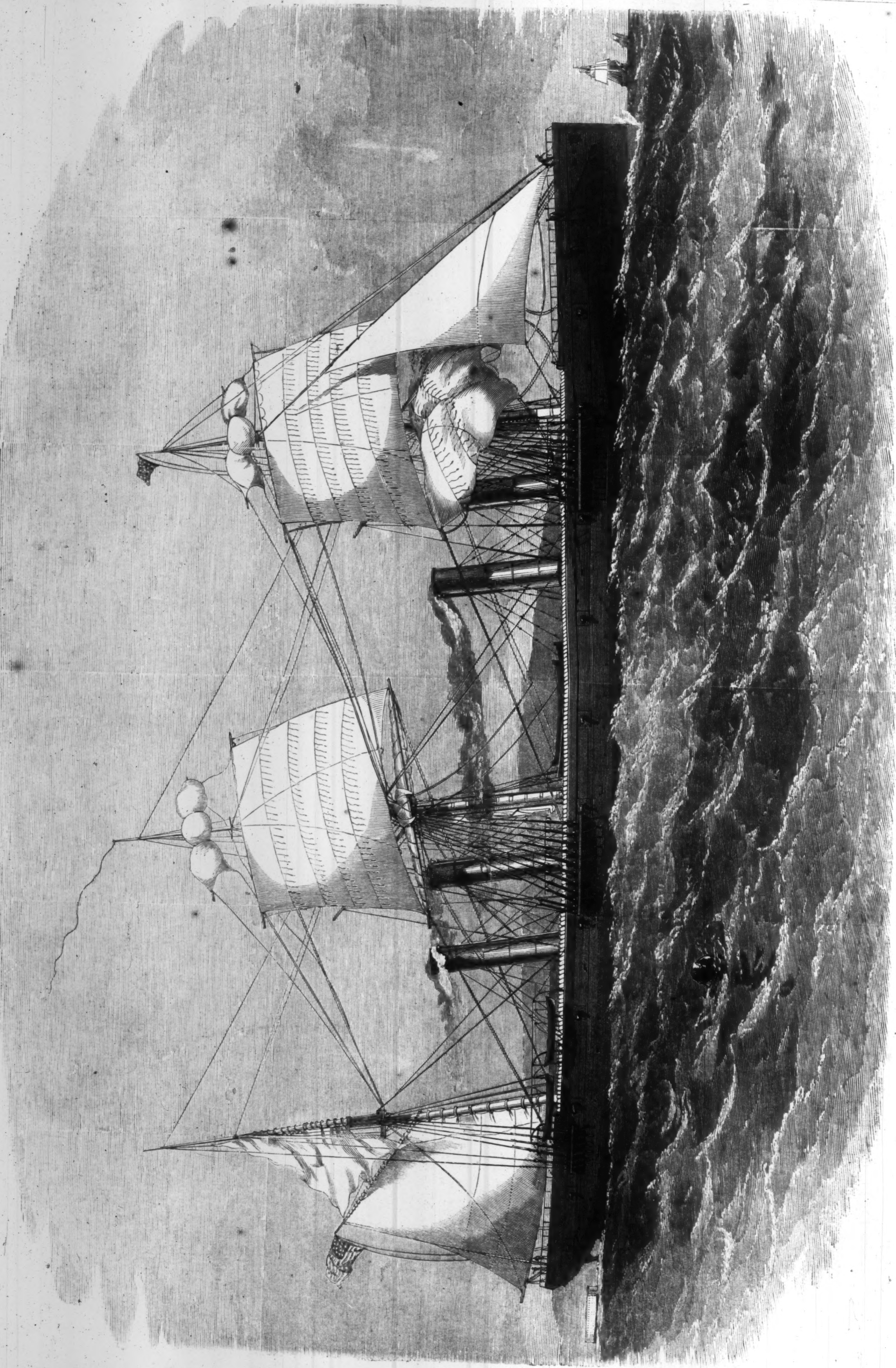
THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.—The best way to be happy is not to want any thing until you have got it, and then be saving of it. Pudding and milk are good things to have, so one has not too much of them.

The Irish people ride so much in cars that Ireland might be called the carnation.

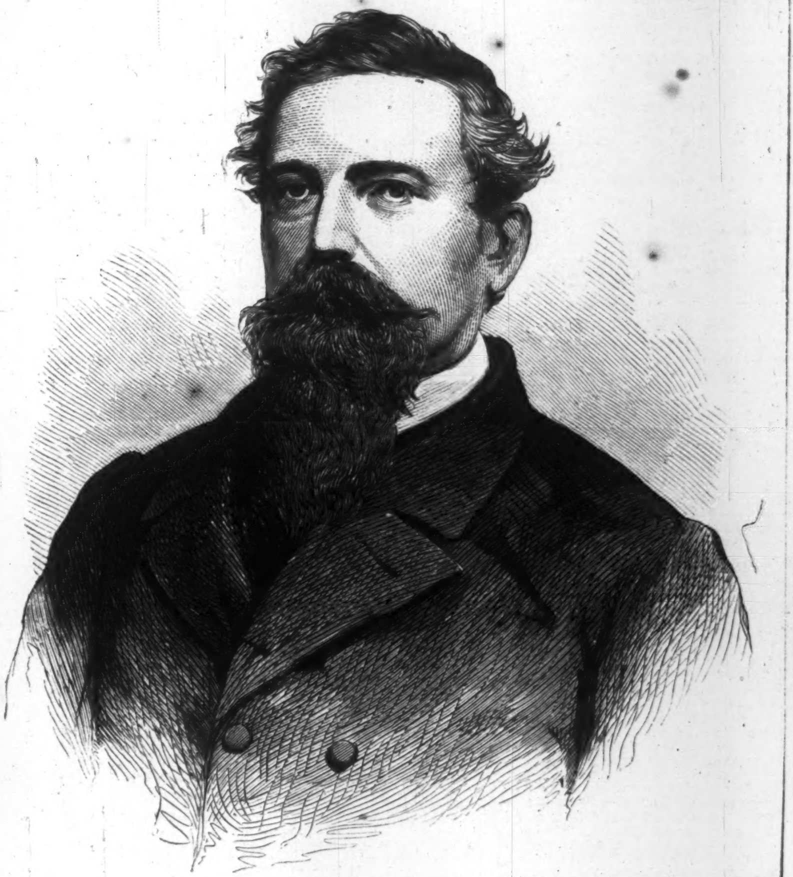


VERY LIKELY.

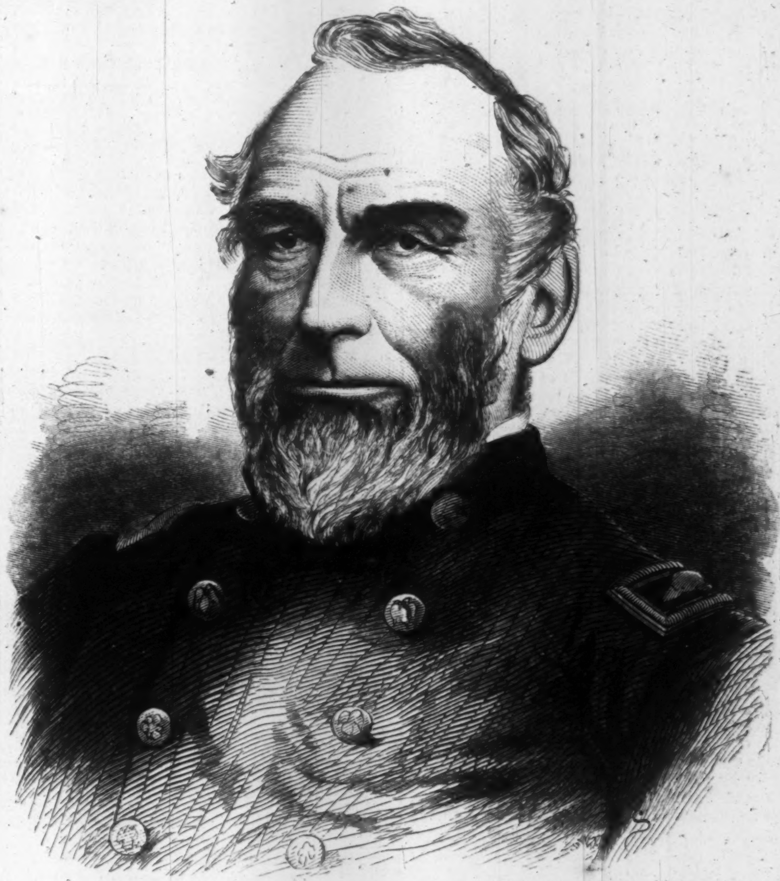
"YES, JINKINS, I HAD BETTER WEAR MY VEIL. CHURCH IS NOT THE PLACE TO DISTRACT THE ATTENTION OF YOUNG MEN!"



THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP OF WAR "WAMPANOAG."—[See Page 366.]



GOVERNOR THOMAS SWANN, OF MARYLAND.



COLONEL WILLIAM B. THOMAS, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA.

GOVERNOR SWANN OF MARYLAND.

THOMAS SWANN, the present Governor of the State of Maryland, was born in the city of Alexandria in the State of Virginia. His father, THOMAS SWANN, was a lawyer of ability and distinction, and during the Presidency of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS held the office of United States Attorney for the District of Columbia. His son, Governor THOMAS SWANN, the subject of this sketch, was educated at the University of Virginia, and commenced the study of the law in the office of his father in Washington. He, however, never pursued the practice of his profession, and having married a lady from Maryland, came to the city of Baltimore, where he has since resided. A gentleman of fortune and liberal education, firm and decided in his convictions, and of great promptness and energy of character, he became interested in all works of public improvement then being projected, which might in any way tend to promote the prosperity of his adopted city and State. A man of boldness and determination was required to undertake the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Mr. SWANN's election as President, in 1848, was hailed with satisfaction by the public authorities, as well as by those of his fellow-citizens who were familiar with his character and the previous services he had rendered to the Company. At once turning all his energies to the accomplishment of the work he had undertaken, and boldly contending with those difficulties that had at one time appeared so formidable, he had the satisfaction of seeing fulfilled the prediction he had made as early as 1851, of the completion of the entire road on the 1st of January, 1853. On the final completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. SWANN resigned his position as President and became the President of the North Western Virginia Railroad, whose work diverging from the Baltimore and Ohio Road in the mountains, extended itself to the Ohio River at the mouth of the Little Kanawha, some ninety miles west of the city of Wheeling. This road also was opened for travel under his auspices, and he only retired from its management in 1857 to become Mayor of the city of Baltimore, to which office he had been elected by a large majority of his fellow-citizens.

In this position, to which he was twice chosen, Mr. SWANN did much for the advancement and prosperity of Baltimore. He proposed, and was able to carry by his paramount influence with the Councils of that city, a change from a volunteer Fire Department with all its irregularities to a paid Fire Department with all its promptness, order, and efficiency. He introduced into the city the new system of police and fire-alarm telegraph, which adds so much to the safety of persons and property, and which has since been generally adopted in all cities throughout the Union. When Mr. SWANN came into office the jail, which had been of sufficient size when the population did not exceed some fifty thousand inhabitants, had long been found totally inadequate to the requirements of a city of nearly two hundred thousand people. When he left office a noble edifice of great size and striking architecture had taken its place. The water-works by which Baltimore is supplied, at an elevation of 217 feet above tide, with pure water by natural flow, was another of the works for which that city is indebted to his administration.

The last public official act of Mr. SWANN's Mayoralty was the inauguration of the Park on the 19th October, 1860. Soon afterward the Southern States seceded and the war for the preservation of the Union began. Mr. SWANN took a firm stand on the side of the Federal Government, and advocated at all times and under all circumstances the strict maintenance of the authority of the United States. When the plan of the National Banks was developed Mr. SWANN was made President of the first bank established in the city of Baltimore. And when the Constitution abolishing slavery forever in Maryland was established in 1864, he was chosen by the people to fill the highest office in their gift, that of Governor of the State.

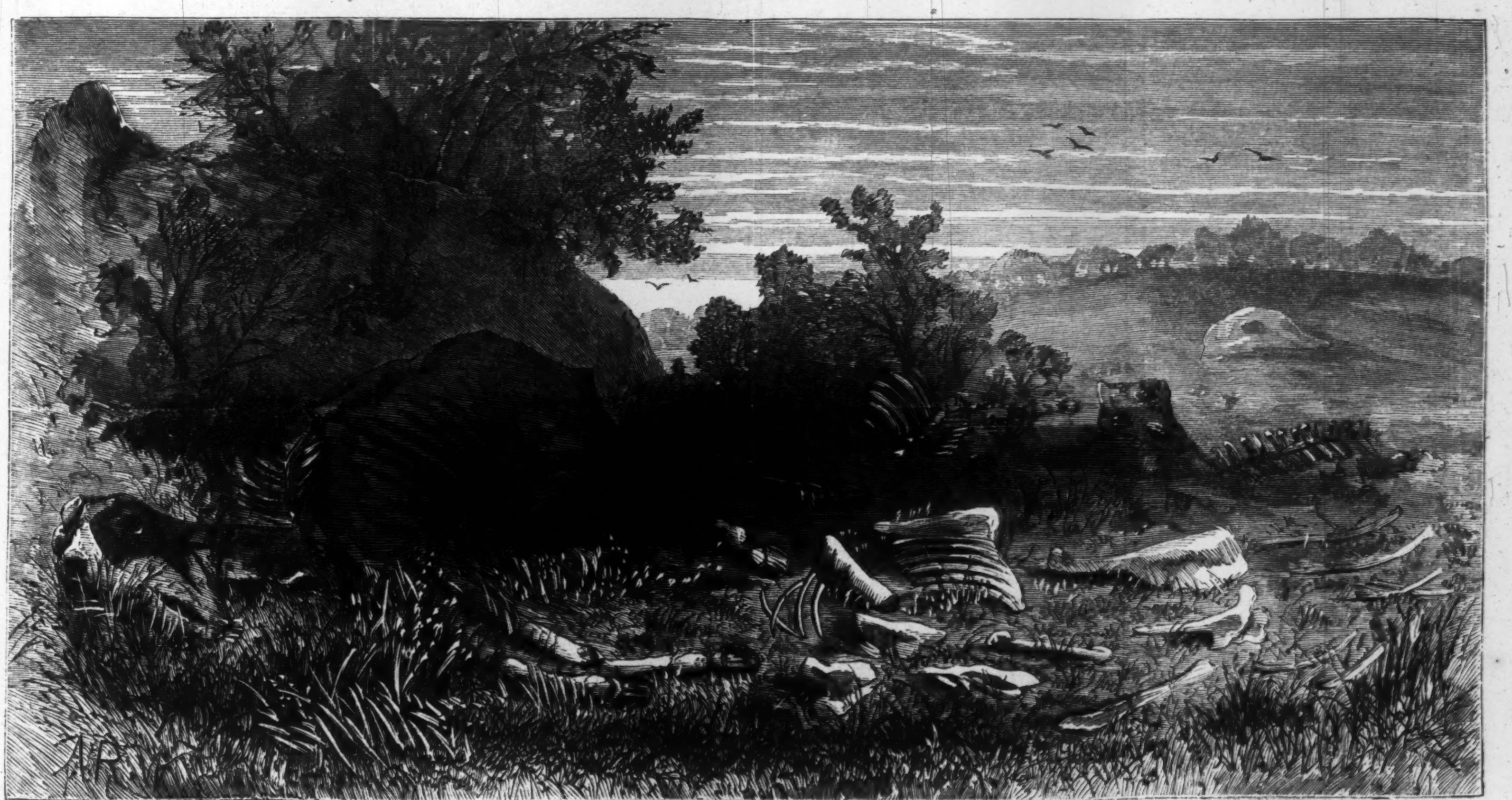
Notwithstanding that Mr. SWANN is still in the prime of manhood, with enlarged and liberal views, few men will be found who have identified their names with undertakings of more practical and lasting benefit to his State and people.

COLONEL W. B. THOMAS,

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA.

COLONEL WILLIAM B. THOMAS was born in Upper Marion township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, May 25, 1811. In 1843 he became a citizen of Philadelphia, where he was among the first to apply steam-power to the manufacture of flour. His business largely increased, till he now owns one of the largest manufactories in the world, using upward of 1,500,000 bushels of grain annually. Mr. THOMAS soon took an active part in all great business movements. He was one of the founders of the Corn Exchange Association, and was its first President. He is also a leading member of the Board of Trade. In early life he was a Democrat, but left that party many years ago because of his anti-slavery principles. In 1852 he voted for JOHN P. HALE, and in 1860 for the nomination of LINCOLN at Chicago. His career since the rebellion began entitles him to a place in that noble column of men whose names are written on the glorious pages of the war.

Mr. THOMAS was in Washington when the Capital was cut off from the North by the rebellion in Baltimore. He volunteered for the defense of the city, and, musket on shoulder, paced the streets during the memorable April of 1861. Those were the days when loyal men scarcely knew whom to trust. At midnight the President sent for Mr.



RELICS ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

Thomas, and offered him the Collectorship of the Port of Philadelphia. He accepted, but that he was never an office-seeker his manly course afterward has proved.

In 1862, after M'Clellan and Pope were defeated, Mr. Thomas grew weary of merely civil duties, and in August he formed the employés of the Custom-house into two military companies, and equipped them from his private means. In September he answered the call of Governor Curtin for troops by marching his companies to Harrisburg. Here he was given the command of a regiment, and sent at once into Maryland, where he remained till the danger was over.

In June, 1863, when Lee invaded Maryland, Colonel Thomas at once marched his regiment, then twelve hundred strong, to Harrisburg, and was ordered to guard the Northern Central Railroad, of vital importance to the movements of the Army of the Potomac. His regiment was afterward engaged with the enemy at Wrightsville and at York, and Colonel Thomas, in command of all the forces at the latter place, prevented the rebels from crossing the river. He then joined Meade, to aid in the pursuit of Lee. In July, 1864, Colonel Thomas organized a new regiment, the Hundred and ninety-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, one of the largest ever mustered in Philadelphia. He placed himself and his command at the disposal of the Government, and was ordered to garrison Fort M'Henry, at Baltimore, then to Johnson's Island, and next to guard the large military stores at Gallipolis, Ohio, then threatened by the rebels. He remained at this important post till November. Thus Colonel Thomas, from 1862 to 1864, was engaged in four campaigns, in each of which he displayed many of the highest qualities of a soldier.

This military record would be honorable to any soldier; it is doubly so as that of a man holding a responsible civil position under the National Government. His duties as Collector of the Port would have excused Colonel Thomas from any active part in the war, but he refused to throw off one responsibility by pleading another. His administration of the Custom-house at Philadelphia has given entire satisfaction to business men as well as to the Government, and there is no citizen of Philadelphia in whom a deeper trust is more worthily reposed by the community.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the night of May 21 a disastrous conflagration occurred in this city, resulting in the destruction of the greater portion of the block between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, and between Irving Place and Third Avenue. The Academy of Music was laid in ruins; the New York University Medical College, including the valuable museum collected by the late Dr. Valentine Mott, shared the same fate, and the fire extending across the avenue burned down the St. James Lutheran Church.

The scene presented at the height of the conflagration was grand and imposing. The huge pile of buildings comprising the Academy were thrown into strong relief by the seething body of flames raging within, and the reflection of the fire was thrown over the entire city, gilding every prominent steeple in sight, and throwing every street into the glare of noonday. Two firemen who had at an early period of the fire entered the Academy failed to make their escape in time, and perished in the flames. The loss from this fire is estimated at over a million of dollars. We hope that our principal and most valuable edifices hereafter constructed will be fire-proof buildings.

THE NEW NAVAL SLOOP "WAMPANOAG."

On the 25th of September, 1864, the first frame of this beautiful vessel was raised at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and on the 15th of December of that year she was launched. Her dimensions are: length over all, 354 feet; extreme breadth, 45 feet; depth of hold, 23 feet 6 inches; tonnage (old), 3300 tons.

Being built for high speed she is very sharp at the ends, carrying a graceful curve from stem to stern, and having the appearance of a yacht more than of a vessel of war. In strength she can not be surpassed. She is diagonally strapped, fore and aft, with iron straps 4½ inches wide by ⅝ of an inch thick, upon the outside of the timbers, in two sets, one set crossing the other at an angle of 45°, and both riveted to a head-strap 5 inches wide by ¾ of an inch thick. They are also riveted together where they cross each other, in an opening between the timbers. The vessel has also composition straps at the ends to take any strain she may be subject to there.

On each side of the four boiler-hatches there are two "A" truss-frames of yellow pine, built to relieve the ship as much as possible of the great weight below, and also to help support the decks at these points.

The ship's frame is of seasoned live-oak; the keel is of white oak in one depth; and the main keelson is composed of live-oak plank in five courses, each coaked to the other. On each side of the main keelson run the sister keelsons, also of live-oak. Outside of these keelsons are six more for the boilers and engines to rest on, three on each side, running as far forward and aft as the shape of the vessel will allow.

The space occupied by the boilers and engines is 164 feet in length. They were designed by Mr. Isherwood, Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Steam Engineering. The boilers, of which there are eight large, besides four superheaters, are Martin's. The fire-surface is 35,000 square feet, and the grate-surface is 1175 square feet. There are four smoke-stacks—two 7 feet 8 inches in diameter, one 6 feet 6 inches, and one 6 feet 3 inches; all 56 feet high.

The engines consist of two horizontal direct action, with cylinders 100 inches in diameter and 48 inches stroke. The number of revolutions is 40 per minute. She has one propeller with four blades, a diameter of 19 feet, and a pitch of 25 feet. The engines and boilers were built at the Novelty Iron Works, New York. The coal-bunkers contain 550 tons of coal below the berth-deck, and 150 tons on the berth-deck, making 700 tons in all.

The armament of this vessel can be, if desired, twenty 9-inch guns.

The rig will be bark, and she can spread 25,000 square feet of canvas. The ward-room and steerage are on the berth-deck aft, and occupies a length of about 80 feet, and in workmanship and design the accommodations are equal to any thing of the kind ever before put into a man-of-war. On the upper or gun-deck, under the poop-deck aft, are two cabins, one for the captain of the ship and the other for the admiral. This poop-deck extends to the mizzen-mast, and is 6 feet in the clear under the beams. The forecastle extends to the foremast, and will accommodate near 100 men; the rest of the crew, about 300, will be accommodated on the berth-deck.

In building this vessel no pains were spared to make her all that could be desired; and all concerned in her construction deserve all the credit due for the workmanlike manner in which each department has carried out the plans of her constructor.

GENERAL STEEDMAN'S TOUR.

Our artist, Mr. Davis, gives the following description of illustrations on page 361:

"TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.

"The Inspection Tour of Generals Steedman and Fullerton has certainly had one good result, the removal from authority of a person named Fitz, who first came among the freedmen as a chaplain to a colored regiment, and won, by different acts of kindness, the confidence of simple-minded people, that are ever ready to believe that a man from the North is sure to be their friend.

"While at Newbern Generals Steedman and Fullerton were called upon by a delegation of 'old uncles,' and from these men we heard the story of their troubles, feeling convinced that they spoke only the truth. The day following the Generals visited the Trent River Settlement, and met the freedmen in their simple log-chapel. Here, from different colored men, we learned the story of their difficulties.

"With regard to the Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina, there is no doubt but that the Bureau has accomplished a vast amount of good, and is in some districts of advantage; but, in others, the management of affairs has been so bad as to occasion trouble, not only with the citizens but with the freedmen. At Salisbury all classes join in testifying to the capable and satisfactory manner in which Colonel C. A. Cilley has conducted affairs.

At Raleigh, Goldsborough, and Newbern the case is different. The freedmen see that the Bureau agents are looking out for their welfare only so far as their pockets are benefited by so doing. If the citizens can be believed—and they seem honestly disposed—they would willingly take the charge of the freedman, and give him his rights in the courts (no laws of the State give him these as yet). The freedmen express a strong desire to have the Bureau left for their protection. 'It has been their place of refuge in the past—why not in the future?' They are afraid that the 'white people will not be kind to them if the Bureau is taken away.'

"That the freedmen can be left at present without some protection of the kind I do not believe; but that a change might be made for the better, both for the freedmen, people, and Government, is certain. At present large numbers of able-bodied men do no other labor than draw their rations from the Government, and will continue the same heavy labor until some way is devised for their removal to some position where their labor can be made available."

COUNT BISMARCK.

Count Bismarck Schonhausen first became prominent in German politics when, after passing through the usual gradations of the diplomatic service, he was in 1851 dispatched as Prussian representative to the Diet at Frankfort. He had then for four years served as representative of Brandenburg in the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament, in which position he had exercised a considerable influence, and attracted to himself the attention of Frederick William IV.

In 1859 Bismarck was appointed embassador to St. Petersburg, where he remained until 1862, and won for himself the esteem and confidence of the Czar, who conferred upon him the order of Saint-Alexandre-Newski. In May, 1862, he was sent as Prussian minister to Paris, and on the 1st of June was received in public audience at the Tuileries. In consequence of the conflicts occasioned in the Prussian Parliament by the budget of the army, he was made in September, 1862, Prime Minister, with the port-folio of Foreign Affairs. The situation in which he was placed was one of weighty responsibility: He was unable to triumph over the resistance opposed by the Chamber of Deputies to the military organization, because the latter tended to weaken the militia for the profit of the army. In this spirit the Deputies adopted by a very strong majority propositions which the Government had declared impracticable. The House of Lords sided with Bismarck. The Deputies declared the vote of the Upper House illegal, and the session was closed by the King. The latter had given Bismarck on assuming the leading position in Government the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

Bismarck brought on the Danish war, and won Austria to his support. He now boldly claims for Prussia the most material advantages derived from that war in Schleswig-Holstein. It is impossible now for Austria to avoid war with Prussia, except by a withdrawal from the Duchies.

Of Louis Napoleon's speech at Auxerre we speak upon the editorial page.

Moth and Freckles.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have Just Published:
ARMADALE.
A NOVEL.
By Wilkie Collins,
Author of
"No Name," "Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," "Antonina," &c.
With Numerous Illustrations.
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TO FURNITURE DEALERS AND HOTEL KEEPERS.

TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BEDS.

There are some truths besides those enumerated in the Declaration of Independence that are self-evident, and though they may pertain to the less vital interests of the human race, they are by no means unimportant. Among them are these: A bed, to fulfil the purposes for which it is desired, must be COMFORTABLE; it must be so constructed as to insure CLEANLINESS; it should, for easy transportation, be made PORTABLE; and, lastly, the common benefit demands that it should be both DURABLE and ECONOMICAL. All of these essential requirements centre in the spring beds invented by Hiram Tucker, and it is confidently affirmed that nothing has yet been devised for man's comfort which is at all comparable to it. A single night's repose on one of them will cure the most inveterate doubter of his skepticism. For sale wholesale by the
TUCKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
115, 117, and 119 Court Street, Boston,
and 59 John Street, New York.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 BROADWAY (St. Nicholas Block).
Photographic Materials, Stereoscopic Goods,
WAR VIEWS,
SCENERY, GROUPS, &c.
Photograph Albums, great assortment, Cartes de Visite of Noted Persons, &c., &c.
French English, and American Novelties.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. Adams Press Company, 26 Ann Street, New York, and 35 Lincoln Street, Boston.

5000 Agents Wanted. $5 per day and expenses. Inclose stamp for circular to Bell & Co., Springfield, Mass.

New and Choice Piano Music.
AFLOAT ON THE TIDE................M. Keller. 30
BE KIND TO DARLING SISTER NELL. H.P. Danks. 30
KISS ME WHILE I'M DREAMING.. Wimmerstedt. 30
I LOVE THE LITTLE RIPPLING STREAM. Crosby. 30
DEAR FATHER, DRINK NO MORE.... Ackerman. 30
One or more of these beautiful songs will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

CATARRH!—Norton's New Remedy for CATARRH removes at once noises in the head, pain in the temples, offensive discharges, and extinguishes the disease at its fountain head forever. Price $1 00 a bottle. Send a stamp for a pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, 11 Ann St.

The American Patent WATCH SAFE.

☞ THE AMERICAN WATCH SAFE COMPANY is now prepared to furnish the new, useful, and elegant PATENT WATCH SAFE to the public.

This WATCH SAFE will be found to afford the most perfect security from pickpockets.

It can be adjusted to any garment.

Having been modeled on the sizes adopted by the celebrated AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, selections can be made to fit any watch.

For sale at wholesale by all the leading Fancy Goods Houses, and at retail by all Jewelers, Tailors, Fancy Stores, &c., &c.

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BROWNE'S METALLIC WEATHER BANDS exclude DUST, NOISE, and ODOR, STOP the RATTLING OF SASHES, and are warranted good for FIVE YEARS. Principal Depot No. 644 Broadway, New York, over the Manhattan Savings-Bank.
Local Agents wanted every where. Send for circular.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25 cts.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cts.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25 cts.; 100 Actors for 25 cts. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N.Y.

COMMON American Single Pistols, per pair, $1 20; Double Guns, $6 50 to $9 00; real Twist and Patent Breech Guns from $10 50 up. Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Percussion caps, Gun Materials, &c., including all qualities of every article in the line, carefully selected, at lowest prices. CHARLES FOLSOM, 38 Maiden Lane, New York.

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LIFE SYRUP,
COMPOSED OF
IODIDE POTASSIUM,
WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.
PREPARED BY
WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup
HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS.
It is so universally admitted that Constitution Life Syrup is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-giving Power.

DYSPEPSIA.
INDIGESTION, WEIGHT AT STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER COMPLAINT, WANT OF APPETITE, BAD BREATH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS.

SCROFULA.
STRUMA, KING'S EVIL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, ERYSIPELAS, ULCERATION, SALT RHEUM.

This taint (HEREDITARY and ACQUIRED), filling life with untold misery, is, by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

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[ARTHRITIS], LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, TIC DOLOUREAUX.

If there is any disease in which the Constitution Life Syrup is a sovereign, it is in Rheumatism and its kindred affections. The most intense pains are almost instantly alleviated—enormous swellings are reduced. Cases, chronic or vicarious, of twenty or thirty years' standing, have been cured by us.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of Mercury, removing the Bad Breath, and curing the Weak Joints and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Calomel is sure to produce. It hardens Spongy Gums, and secures the Teeth as firmly as ever.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like
ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,
And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases,
Either of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Forehead, or Scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

Moth Patches upon the female face, depending upon a diseased action of the Liver, are very unpleasant to the young wife and mother. A few bottles of Constitution Life Syrup will correct the secretion, and remove the deposit, which is directly under the skin.

Diseases of the Liver, giving rise to Languor, Dizziness, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, or an ulcerated or cancerous condition of that organ, accompanied with burning or other unpleasant symptoms, will be relieved by the use of

Constitution Life Syrup.

As a General Blood-Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivaled by any preparation in the world.

THE RICH AND POOR
Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and Science have made the Constitution Life Syrup for the benefit of all.

PURE BLOOD
Produces healthy men and women; and if the constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and within the reach of all.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
IS THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, AND THE RICH MAN'S BLESSING.
Buy it, Take it, and be Cured.
WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Sole Proprietor,
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"For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly makes the stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free. Address all orders,

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CLOSING OUT SALE OF THE NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

Owing to the failure and sudden closing of the works and business of the

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

A large number of fine Watches, manufactured especially for the United States, being heavy, first-class timekeepers, intended to stand hard usage and sudden changes of temperature, are left in our hands for immediate sale. As agents of the Company, we are obliged to dispose of this stock for cash in the shortest possible time. We have, therefore, decided on the plan annexed as the one that will be productive of the desired result. This plan gives every one an opportunity of obtaining first-class time-keepers at a price that all can command. As every Certificate represents a Watch, there are no blanks, and every one who invests in this sale MUST get a Watch at half the retail price at least; and, if at all fortunate, one to wear with pride through life.

Remittances may be made at our risk in registered letters or by express, or post-office orders and drafts payable to our order, and we guarantee a safe return. This INSURES safe delivery and sure return to every patron.

We warrant every Watch as represented, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance. Knowing the worth of the stock, we can give a warrantee to every purchaser. The price has been placed at the very low figure in order to insure immediate sale; and all who desire to improve the opportunity should make early application.

HAZARD. MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York,
(Late 303 Broadway,)
AGENTS for THE NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID LIST OF

Fine Watches and Chains,

Worth $350,000!

TO BE SOLD FOR

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

127	Gold hunting-cased Chronometers, from	$175 to	$450
163	Gold hunting-cased English Pat. Levers	150 to	3[illegible]5
144	Gold hunting-casedDuplex	100 to	300
175	Gold hunting-cased Patent Levers	75 to	275
282	Gold hunting-cased Levers	60 to	275
240	Gold hunting-cased Lepines	50 to	200
169	Gold magic-cased Levers	90 to	275
335	Heavy gold-cased Patent Levers	75 to	225
268	Heavy gold-cased Levers	70 to	175
120	Ladies' gold hunting-cased Levers	45 to	225
272	Ladies' gold enam'd hunting-cased Levers	55 to	250
135	Ladies' gold enam'd magic cased Levers	60 to	275
235	Ladies' gold-cased engraved Levers	45 to	175
263	Ladies' gold-cased engraved Lepines	40 to	125
380	Heavy solid silver cased Duplex	35 to	125
735	Heavy solid silver cased Patent Levers	30 to	125
500	Heavy solid silver cased Levers	25 to	100
478	Heavy solid silver cased Lepines	20 to	90
263	Ladies' solid cased Levers	25 to	90
224	Ladies' solid cased Lepines	20 to	65
500	Solid Gold Guard and Vest Chains	15 to	150
350	Solid Gold Leontine and Chatelaines	15 to	125

☞ All the above list of Watches will be sold for Ten Dollars each.

Certificates representing each and every Watch in the above list are placed in similar envelopes and sealed. Any person obtaining a Certificate, to be had at our office, or sent by mail to any address, can have the article called for on the return of the certificate, with Ten Dollars.

We charge, for forwarding certificates, 50 cents each. Five will be sent for $2, and fifteen for $5.

The certificates must in all cases be returned with and accompany the money when goods are ordered.

All orders promptly filled and forwarded by return mail or express. Address

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York.

$5 Five Dollar Watches. $5

A beautiful ENGLISH SILVER *double-case* WATCH, fine *movements*, JEWELED, steel hands, *small size*, warranted CORRECT, with an *elegant* VEST CHAIN, only FIVE DOLLARS. *Same as above*, GOLD-PLATED and *handsomely engraved*, $7. 18-*carat gold* plated Hunters, $12, $15, $20. THERMOMETER WATCHES, $15, $20. SILVER LEVERS, $20. LADIES' ENAMELED WATCHES, $20 to $75. All kinds of *Good Watches* low. CATELY BROTHERS, Importers, No. 102 Nassau Street, New York.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

MAMMOTH OIL ENTERPRISE AND GRAND GIFT DISTRIBUTION.

40,000 Shares of Stock to be Sold for Five Dollars each, AND 40,000 Valuable Presents—One to each Shareholder.

$20,000 IN GREENBACKS, HOUSES, AND OTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY, TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG SHAREHOLDERS WHO INVEST $5 IN THE STOCK OF THE VANCEBURG OIL COMPANY, WHICH WILL PAY 100 PER CENT. PROFIT ANNUALLY ON THE AMOUNT OF INVESTMENT.

Distribution to take place Tuesday Evening, July 24, 1866, at

IRVING HALL, NEW YORK.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned, the Trustee for 40,000 Shares of the Capital Stock of the Vanceburg Petroleum and Mining Company (incorporated under the laws of the State of New York), having thoroughly investigated the valuable property of the Company, and being fully satisfied that a proper development of its immense shale beds will prove more remunerative than any enterprise before the American people, has determined upon this method of interesting the public and furthering the objects of the organization.

The merit of this plan is two-fold. First, each subscriber to a $5 share becomes a Shareholder in the Company, and entitled to the benefits of its success. Second, every person who purchases stock has a chance to receive a valuable present—*a small fortune.*

One quarter of the entire amount received from sales of certificates will be paid into the treasury of the Company, thus placing $50,000 in cash as its working capital, in which sum the stockholders will be mutually interested. This sum will erect 200 retorts (as the oil is produced by distillation), which will yield, by actual demonstration on the lands of an adjoining Comnany, whose works are now in operation, 60 barrels of oil per day, of a lubricating quality—worth $25 per barrel, or a NET PROFIT of $400,000 per annum.

The lands of the Company consist of 1000 acres owned in fee simple. Upon these lands is an immense bed of bituminous shale, 200 feet thick, recently examined by Professor Barbour, the eminent geologist, who estimates the amount fully sufficient to supply 500 *retorts for* 500 *years.* This great shale formation is only 90 miles east of Cincinnati, immediately beside the Ohio River, in Lewis County, Kentucky. Professor Page and other eminent chemists have examined the oil, and pronounce it *very superior lubricating oil.* The cost of distillation is only eight cents per gallon. Any one of ordinary intelligence can not fail to see that the legitimate character of this operation, it being simply a manufacturing process, free from the hitherto purely speculative nature of oil enterprises, places this Company, beyond the question of *possibilities*, upon the high basis of practical reality—making the investment judicious in itself, as well as attractive by its gift accompaniment. The Company is officered by gentlemen of the highest respectability, doing business in the cities of New York and Cincinnati, and its affairs are at all times open to the inspection of the stockholders.

HOW TO OBTAIN SHARES.

There will be 40,000 *shares and* 40,000 *presents, or a present to every shareholder.* THEREFORE, NO BLANKS.

Forty thousand printed receipts will be issued, each entitling the holder to one share of stock in the Vanceburg Petroleum and Mining Company; and each accompanied by a card of admission (properly numbered), to the Grand Distribution, and entitling the holder to the present that may be drawn to its number on that occasion. The receipts and cards of admission can be had at the book stores, and of agents throughout the country, at $5 per share, or by inclosing the amount in a registered letter to

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

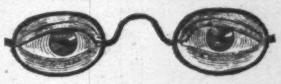
A committee of twenty prominent citizens, holding shares, will superintend the drawing in view of the assemblage. Forty thousand ballots, numbered from 1 to 40,000 (inclusive), will be placed in separate tin tubes and deposited in a wheel. A boy will be selected from the audience to draw the numbers from the wheel. After being blindfolded, he shall hand the tube to the chairman of the committee, who will announce each number to the audience as it is drawn. The first number drawn from the wheel shall be entitled to the first present, the second number drawn to the second present, and in like manner to the end. The utmost care will be taken to preserve order. Music will be furnished to add to the occasion, and a full report, with the numbers and present drawn to each, will be published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* immediately after the drawing. The presents will be delivered upon presentation of the cards of admission, at any time within three months after the drawing, at No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

SPLENDID LIST OF PRESENTS.

1	Present, Brown Stone House in New York City	$15,000
1	" Frame House	5,000
1	" do.	3,000
6	Presents, Lots in the City of New York	9,000
1	Present, Rosewood Piano	1,000
10	Presents, Cabinet Organs, @ $300 each	3,000
10	" Melodeons, @ $300 each	3,000
10	" Gold Watches, @ $100 each	1,000
10	" Silver Watches, @ $50 each	500
10	" Silver Watches, @ $25 each	250
1,000	" $20 each in Greenbacks	20,000
3,000	" Splendid Albums, $10 each	30,000
3,000	" Splendid Albums, $5 each	15,000
5,000	" Gold Lockets, $4 each	20,000
5,000	" Gold Pens, $3 each	15,000
8,000	" Steel Engravings of General Grant, $1 each	8,000
14,940	" Packs of Union Cards (for Parlor Amusement)	7,470
		$145,220
	Cash Present to the Company	50,000
	Expenses (estimated)	4,780
40,000	Shares to be Sold for	$200,000

Proposals will be received from weekly papers for the publication of this advertisement. Address all communications to BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Brilliant and Powerful Day and Night DOUBLE PERSPECTIVE GLASSES, For Tourists, Sportsmen, and Theatre-Goers.



Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eye-Preservers, to improve the sight of old and young without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free by inclosing stamp SEMMONS, OPTICIAN,
669½ Broadway (under Lafarge House), N.Y.

[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.,
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

TO FARMERS.

POUDRETTE! POUDRETTE!!

The LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY (the oldest manufacturers of Fertilizers in the United States) offer their celebrated Poudrette for sale at lower prices than any other fertilizer in market.

It is made from the night soil and offal of New York City, and has been in use by thousands of farmers for over a quarter of a century: $4 will manure an Acre of Corn in the hill, and increase the yield one third.

A Pamphlet with the experience in its use on Lawns, Garden Vegetables, Corn, Potatoes, and Tobacco, of hundreds of Farmers, some of whom have used it for over 20 years, containing also price, directions for use, &c., will be sent *free* to any person applying.

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
66 Courtlandt Street, New York.

Brandreth's Pills

A GENERAL ASSISTANT OF NATURE.

What is health? What is disease?

Health is when the supply and expenditure are equal. Disease, when the supply and expenditure are unequal.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS impart certain expulsive powers to all matters in the body whose life is below the standard of the surrounding parts, or which have remained longer than the time nature designed. So in fevers, and all that class of cases which soon run into mortification, BRANDRETH'S PILLS have marvelous curative qualities. Our bodies are continually changing, and it is by this change we live. Should matter remain in organs beyond the time nature designed, pain and inflammation set in, which is nothing more than a preparatory effort for our good. All Brandreth's Pills are supposed, from the results, to do is simply to

ASSIST THESE EFFORTS OF NATURE.

Principal office, 294 Canal Street, New York.
Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines.

DRUNKARD STOP! DR. BEERS, 61 Chauncy St., Boston, cures every case of intemperance if you will follow directions. Thousands are blessing him. Investigate, *and you will be satisfied.* Call or send stamp for a circular. It is harmless, and can be given without the knowledge of the patient.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Read the following letter from E. BOURNE, a well-known citizen of Pittsburg, Pa.

PITTSBURG, *May* 10, 1866.

MESSRS. HOSTETTER & SMITH: *Gentlemen,*—During a visit in the West last fall I contracted chills and fever, which brought me to my bed, and finally terminated in typhoid fever, and confined me to my room for several months, during which time I was physically so prostrated that I almost despaired of ever recovering my health; having entirely lost my appetite, for days not being able to eat a morsel, added to which I was much distressed with a reeling sensation in my head, and passed many sleepless nights—all from debility caused by my prostrate condition, brought about by the fever. At this stage of my condition a friend recommended me to use your celebrated Stomach Bitters; but being morally opposed to the use of stimulants in any form, I at first declined, but afterward yielded my prejudices, and, after taking the medicine for several weeks, as directed, my appetite returned, and with it I am rapidly regaining my former strength and vigor. My sleep (from the loss of which I had suffered much) has never been better than it is now, and the reeling sensation (before alluded to) has entirely left me. My bowels, which were much constipated and irregular, are now quite natural, and in fact I am glad to say that I feel myself a new man, and tender you this testimonial of my appreciation of your valuable preparation, in order that others suffering as I have may avail themselves of its virtues, which prejudice prevented me from enjoying for so long a period. I may also add that my physician, after seeing the beneficial effect your bitters had on me, recommended that I use them regularly.

Yours, very respectfully,
E. BOURNE,
No. 45 Market Street.

A LADY, who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, inclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail

BANKING HOUSE OF

JAY COOKE & CO.

Corner Wall and Nassau Sts., New York.

We buy and sell at the most liberal current prices, and keep on hand, a full supply of

Government Bonds of all Issues,

SEVEN-THIRTIES,

Certificates of Indebtedness,

AND

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES,

And execute orders for the purchase and sale of STOCKS, BONDS, and GOLD.

JAY COOKE & CO.

NEW MUSIC.

- Twilight Dreams Waltz. D'Albret. For violin 15c. Piano 35c.
- Three O'Clock Galop. For violin, 15c. Piano 35c.
- Mable Waltz. By D. Godfrey. For violin, 15c. Piano. 35c.
- Nine-Pins Quadrille. (The set is formed the same as a plain cotillion, with an extra gent, the "Nine-Pin," in the centre.) Complete figures and music. 35c.
- I can not Sing the Old Songs. Violin, 15c. Variations by B. Richards, 40c. Piano 30c.
- I have Heard Sweet Music Stealing. Violin, 15c. Piano 30c.

Mailed postpaid. FREDRICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

$2 ASTOUNDING! Timekeeper $2 And Vest Chains, $2 00.

A genuine English SOLID SILVER COMPOSITE Timekeeper, with accurate *miniature* COMPASS in the dial, in *gold or silver cases.* Beautiful and elaborate in *design*, of *exquisite workmanship*, and remarkable for its CORRECTNESS and absolute certainty as a REGULATOR, *fully warranted* for 2 years; *will not* get out of order, and will last a LIFETIME, and is a most ELEGANT and PERFECTLY RELIABLE Pocket Companion and MAGNIFICENT PRESENT for Ladies' or Gentlemens' use. Price each, small size, with a *rich gold plated Gents' Vest Chain*, only $2. *Mailed free.* AGENTS WANTED every where. *Price list free.* Address M. A. NEILE & CO., Importers of Watches, &c., S. E. corner Broadway and Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1847.

Robinson's Cream Soda for Children.

This delicious beverage is a preventive to the many ailments to which the young are liable. For summer-complaints, worms, disordered stomach, and general weakness of the system, its gentle and effective influence is unsurpassed. Packages of four dozen can be obtained by addressing the manufacturer, ROB. ROBINSON, 402 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn.

N.B.—Bottles allowed for when returned.

DR. GLOVER'S NEW CHAMPION LEVER TRUSS

Is perfection. Trusses, bandages, &c., &c., of every kind constantly on hand. Send for circular. No. 11 Ann St.

MICROSCOPIC ALBUMS, containing 6 pictures from life, $1 50 each. WM. BIRD, 77 Nassau Street, N. Y.

PEN-KNIVES, *containing rich and rare pictures*, $1 75 each. WM. BIRD, Microscopist, 77 Nassau Street, N. Y.

POCKET MICROSCOPE, 70 cts. each. Best for the price ever made. WM. BIRD, 77 Nassau Street, N. Y.

5000 Agents wanted, male and female. Agt's are making $20 per day. No capital required. For particulars address I. L. Garside & Co., 59 River St., Paterson, N. J.

PATENT TOILET GLASS,

Showing both back and face at once. Adjustable in front of any mirror, and indispensable to any ladies' toilet. Send for circular to CHAPPELL & GODDEN, Peekskill, N. Y.

CHEMISTRY AND ART COMBINED.

THE MAGIC PHOTOGRAPH.

A new and wonderful discovery, by which any one, with the aid of a little clean water, can instantaneously produce permanent and beautiful photographs, suitable for the album or scrap-book.

Sent by mail every where. Price 50 cents, with full instructions. Published by FARIS, Photographist, No. 751 Broadway.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.